Volume Forty-Six, Number Two, August 1968

Commentary

The Professors & The Poor
by Daniel P. Moynihan

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See p.
JOSEPH THORNTON

Jewish Faith & The Holocaust *Emil L. Fackenheim*

Anarchism Revisited *George Woodcock*
Charles Ives, American *Eric Salzman*
The Conversion – A Story *Victor Perera*
A Nostalgia for Swing *Richard Schickel*
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Books in Review

Nathan Glazer *Gertrude Himmelfarb* *Robert Kiely*
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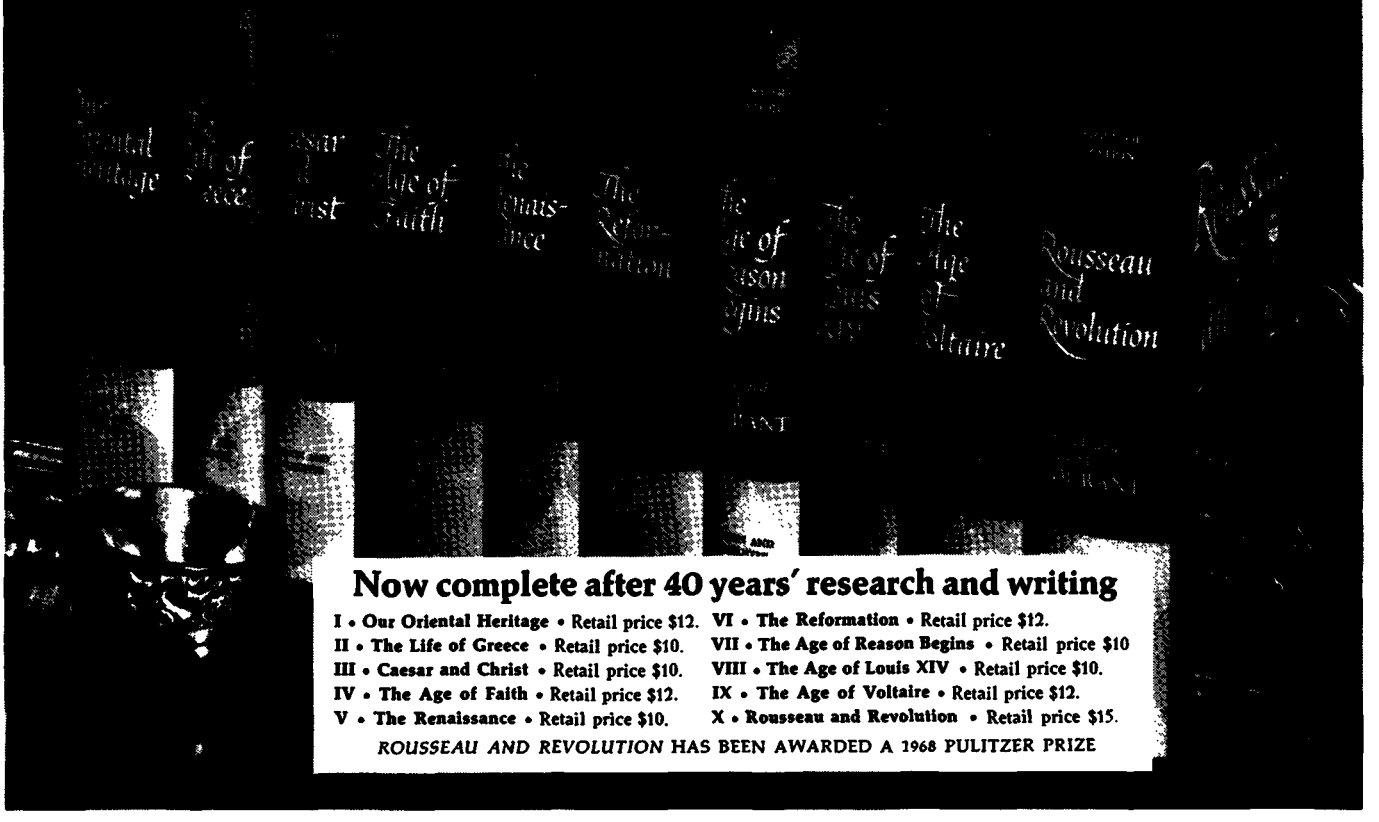

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Commentary

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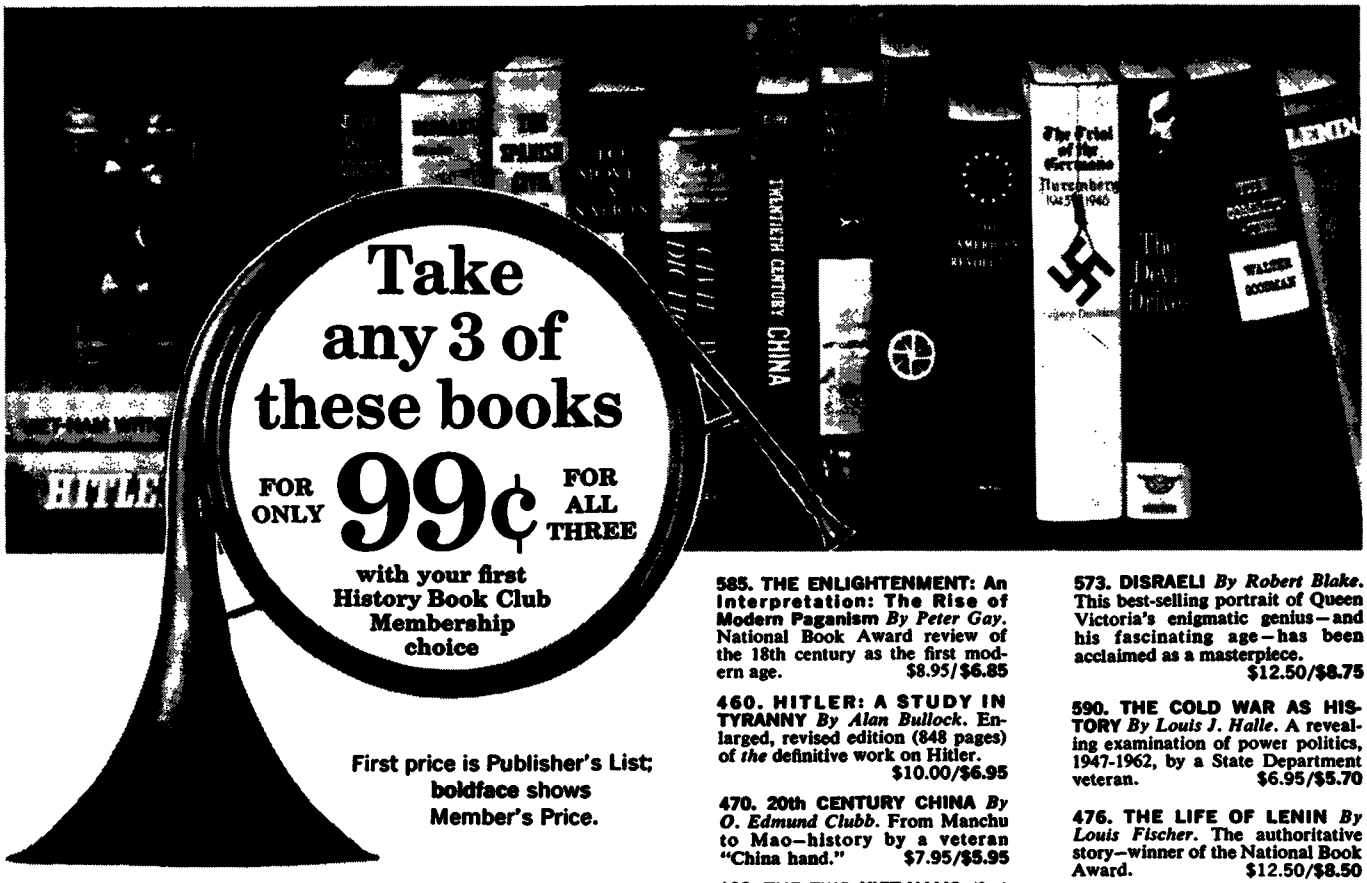
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Letters from Readers

Election '68 (Cont'd.)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I might be taking advantage of hindsight in criticizing Paul Goodman's "In Praise of Populism" ["Election '68," June]. I recognize that it was written before the assassination of Senator Kennedy, before the fiasco at Columbia University, and before various other tragedies that have befallen this election year. However, it was written after the assassination of Dr. King and the attending riots. In any event, Mr. Goodman professes to be a social critic. He therefore cannot rightfully distort either history or the meaning of words to legitimize the fearful position we find ourselves in, which he calls "populism."

I suppose the answer is that Mr. Goodman calls himself an anarchist—which by dictionary definition is someone who rebels against any authority or established order, who proposes violent means to overthrow the established order, and who prefers a complete vacuum to any form of recognized government. He displays the shocking inconsistency common to the times when he says he won't vote for Senator McCarthy unless he promises total nuclear disarmament. And in fact if Goodman is an anarchist, the only reason he would be voting *for* Senator McCarthy is if he really felt the Senator would help bring about the chaos and disorder which would lead to anarchy. While Mr. Goodman may believe that of Senator McCarthy, I do not.

It is not Mr. Goodman's apparent misuse of the word anarchist which bothers me, however. Rather, it is his description of present conditions under the rubric of populism . . . a term which originally meant the advocacy of reform in the system of government to be brought about by peaceful means.

Today the confusion between changing the system and overthrowing it (without even having a new system in mind) may well carry the day for the anarchists. Mr. Goodman vividly embodies this confusion. He talks of the Spock case on the one hand as civil disobedience (which would mean, as Dr. Spock himself initially said, that the defendants should go to jail); on the other hand he decries a possible conviction as a defense of the present draft system and our policies in Vietnam. Is it any wonder that our campus youth engage in what they call civil disobedience and then list amnesty as their first demand? Our confused social critics tell them this is good history and morality.

The "not too much violence" that Mr. Goodman defends has fractured our society, turned our cities into places of fear, and our political processes into marketplaces of assassination. If Mr. Goodman is really an anarchist, he must be pleased as punch. I only wish that he would gather unto him all the rest of the anarchists and take them out of the Reform Democratic clubs, the civil-rights movement, and the campus organizations. Then maybe all of those who praise populism for what it really is, and are seeking to make use of its lessons, can change the system from within so that social justice, law, and order can prevail.

ABNER J. MIKVA
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In a very long article about the election alternatives, Paul Goodman dismisses Hubert Humphrey with thirty words: "What can one say about Hubert Horatio?—he has so long not been his own man. I recall his statement, 'When I became Majority Leader, I ceased being a liberal.'" In so doing, Goodman displays much of the arrogance and ignorance characteristic of much "liberal" thinking today.

Humphrey never made that statement—and never could have, as even the most casual observer of the political scene must realize. The Vice President never was Majority Leader! But Goodman can "recall" such a statement and put it in quotation marks, thus documenting a pure fabrication.

Anybody can make a mistake, and this one could be forgiven—except that it typifies the distortions and the cruelly unfair indictments that have been leveled against Humphrey by people who should know better. Not only did Humphrey never *renounce* liberalism—although he has tried to update its meaning and content through the years—but his *record*

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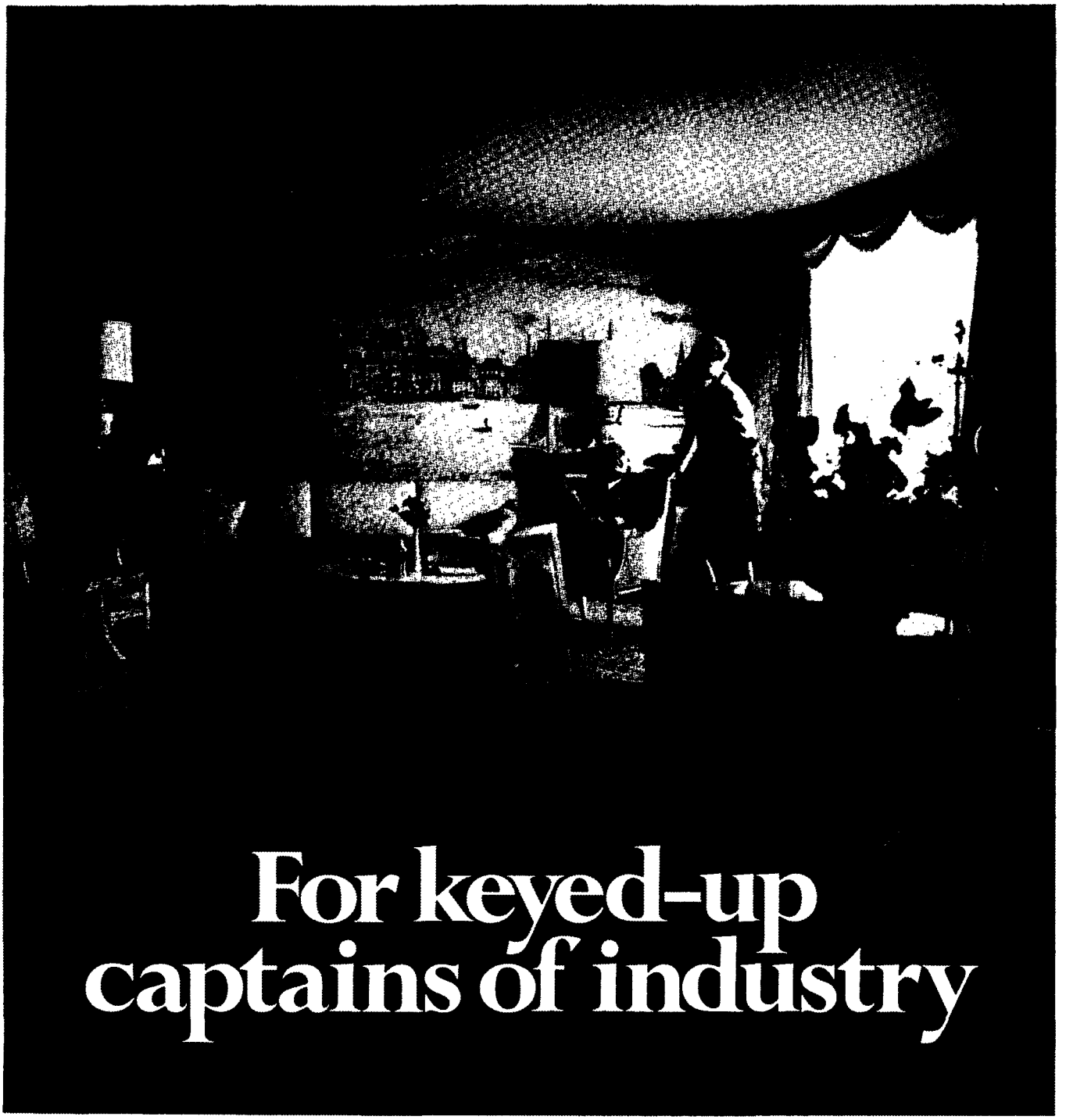

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from 1961 through 1964, when he was Majority Whip in the Kennedy-Johnson administrations, could not be better. During that period, he scored 100 per cent on AFL-CIO's voting record, a compilation of major economic and social and human-rights issues, the same 100 per cent he had achieved regularly since 1949.

But Humphrey's voting record is only one part of the story which Goodman's faulty memory might cause others to forget. When President Kennedy signed the historic nuclear test-ban treaty, for example, he was heard to say: "This is your treaty, Hubert." Humphrey not only voted right, but was the creator, the promoter, the organizer of almost every major "liberal" victory of recent years—Medicare, Peace Corps, Civil Rights Acts (especially 1964 and 1965), Disarmament Agency, Job Corps, and lots more. In every one of these, he was the agent of change. . . .

Yesterday's new politics, however, is today's old politics, and the Vice President can't count on cheers for yesterday's triumphs, although he has every right to resent jeers. But he has not rested his case on past records; he has been articulating new dreams, even if the Goodmans won't listen. Does Goodman object to Humphrey's call for a total cease-fire in Vietnam, for new bridges to Red China, for a Marshall Plan for American cities, for a guaranteed education through college for every American?

The basic question, in my judgment, for this election year is not who started to propose what modifications how soon in our unhappy Vietnam situation (a situation brought about with the substantial support and agreement over the years among the Johnsons and Humphreys and McCarthys and Kennedys) but who can best govern in the years ahead. James Reston, despite some wanderings on the subject, summed it all up when he said: "If Presidents were elected by the thousand best-informed men in Washington on the basis of who would make the best President, he [Humphrey] would be No. 1 at last."

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MR. GOODMAN writes:

Mr. Mikva should read a better dictionary than the style-book of the Chicago *Tribune*. The hypothesis of anarchism is that, by and large, the free federation of voluntary functional associations produces the maximum of social order, peace, and efficiency and diminishes crime, violence, and alienation. People like Godwin, Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, Ferrer, Tolstoy, Malatesta, William Morris, Emma Goldman, Herbert Read, etc., have thought so, and they were not after chaos and disorder.

Almost everybody has been willing to grant that the present worldwide unrest and violence have emerged from a background of war, cold war, imperialism, repressive policing, maintenance of unjust property relations, attempts to process the young for unacceptable national goals, making people powerless by centralized decision making, disregarding human beings for the smooth running of institutions—in short from the works of the state and other corporate powers. Maybe we would have more law and order if we had much less Law and Order.

In any historical period it is always a difficult question how much of the necessary evil of government is required as a balance wheel. But I do not know any way to test out this question except through conflict moderated by a strong will to community and mutual respect. (This is why I favor both vigilant democracy and the aggressive non-violence of Gandhi, Muste, and Martin Luther King.) Lord Acton somewhere praises the character, e.g., Washington's, that is willing to engage in revolutionary action on the essentials but is otherwise disposed to derange as little as possible. Many famous anarchists have been spectacularly conservative, others have laid stress rather on the creativity of human beings in existential crises. My own writings are far more traditional, even neolithic, than anything said by Liberal Democrats.

I know as little as Mr. Mikva what conspirators were involved in the assassination of Dr. King or Robert Kennedy. But would he deny that governmental agencies have committed many assassinations and murders, both wholesale and retail?

How was Columbia a fiasco?—though I am not in agreement with all the student tactics there. My guess is that Columbia will be a better community of scholars next year than it was last. The somewhat analogous fracas at

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Berkeley certainly did more toward the reform of American higher education than anything that has come from the Office of Education in Washington.

By populism Mr. Mikva must pre-eminently mean the American agrarian movement of circa 1885. It was marked by barn-burnings, angry pitchforks, wrecked trains. If he will reread, or read, the populist manifestoes, he will find them very similar to the most apocalyptic manifestoes of the New Left and Black Power.

Populist agitation and direct action are not necessarily anarchist, since they may not be aimed at opening specific areas of freedom to function, but are sometimes simple despair, revenge, the bursting out of repressed forces. It is disingenuous of Mr. Mikva to throw at me the phrase "having no new system in mind," since in my article I continually reproached the populists and the students for neglecting most of the fundamental issues of modern times and thereby being vulnerable to takeover—as indeed, in different ways, both the American and the Russian populists were taken over.

Dr. Spock did speak of "civil disobedience" and we respect and support him; others of us, however, have insisted that the Vietnam policies of the government should be resisted because they are illegitimate. Does Mr. Mikva think that, in a democracy, a pack of lies and *faits accomplis* by a "hidden government" are legitimate?

I agree that Senator McCarthy does not lead or represent the populist wave that has thrown him to the fore. I devoutly hope that he can become worthy of it and help to give it direction.

IN REPLY TO Mr. Bookbinder:

Majority Whip, my carelessness. The evidence for the remark is the same as for Hyman's "[Kennedy] was heard to say—." And I quoted it as Humphrey's wry joke at his own dilemma, that he had ceased being his own man; he has repeated it seriously many times since. My charitable comment was, What can one say in such a case?

But let us suppose the liberal reappears. A perfect AFL-CIO voting record has never been, in my eyes, a recommendation; and at present liberal programs of that kind have become a menace. Of course I object to a Marshall Plan for cities and to universal "education" in the liberal kind of social-engineering. HHH's Vietnam position is six years late and, to me, not credible. Lindsay campaigned to admit Red China in 1960, when it made sense; where was Humphrey? Will he talk up about the bases in Thailand, etc.?

Despite the test-ban treaty, the bombs and budgets have increased, Humphrey not dissenting. (In my opinion, that treaty came from some honest scientists and the Women's Strike.) On the '64 Civil Rights bill, Robert Kennedy (and Humphrey?) had forced a compromise measure to the strong proposal pushed by Kastenmeier, Lindsay, and a few others; just as Humphrey tried to gloss over the Freedom Democratic party trouble at the '64 convention. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but tokenism has proved to be poison.

These people are in the politics business, interlocked with the other institutions of business as usual. Their premises are irrelevant to our chief modern problems. Humphrey has not made a single remark

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on any of the essential issues that I enumerated at the end of my article, nor will he. Therefore I urge people (aggressively) not to vote for any of the candidates. I except McCarthy not because of himself but because of the nature of his constituency and his campaign.

The Uses of History

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Kateb has thoughtfully reviewed Theodore Roszak's *The Dissenting Academy* [May], inspiring—as I imagine all good reviews do—a desire to continue the conversation. I want to address myself particularly to his remarks about my essay on history.

Kateb's fundamental premise is that action and the search for truth lay contradictory demands upon the mind. Thus he writes:

> There is no use in denying that just as there is perpetual strife between thinkers and authority, so there is perpetual strife between thinkers and the most humane citizenship. Citizenship means action; action means partiality and some degree of fanaticism. How can a commitment to truth survive very much active citizenship?

Hence Kateb concludes that while it is allowable, indeed commendable, for the truth-seeker to "refuse to place himself at the service of the status quo," he cannot place himself at the service of a vision of man's well-being without jeopardizing his commitment to truth. Kateb especially objects to the conception that the teacher-scholar should "act as a citizen in the real world." He also questions the conception that the teacher-scholar "should devote himself to thinking about the personal and social needs of men in contemporary society," at least if such contemporary relevance is demanded of all teacher-scholars.

> Lynd's position cannot be universalized without a lapse into barbarism. Let him and like-minded scholars stay in the present; but also let others continue the effort of communication with what has gone before.

I disagree with the premise. It is just not the case that action necessarily tends to distort the effort to understand reality. Consider a surgeon: is his probe of an infected area "propaganda" because he intends to use his knowledge to heal the wound? The example suggests that he who knows that his results will be made the basis for action may be more persistent and demanding in his search for *wie es eigentlich gewesen* than the teacher-scholar described by Mr. Kateb in his article as "ideally an idler," "a player."

Of course, propaganda is possible. Anyone who has tried to tell the truth about the present is aware of the temptation to simplify, to present as final what can only be tentative, to blur together fact and feeling about fact, and so on. What needs to be demolished is the assumption that concern for living human beings is *inherently* in conflict with concern to know the truth.

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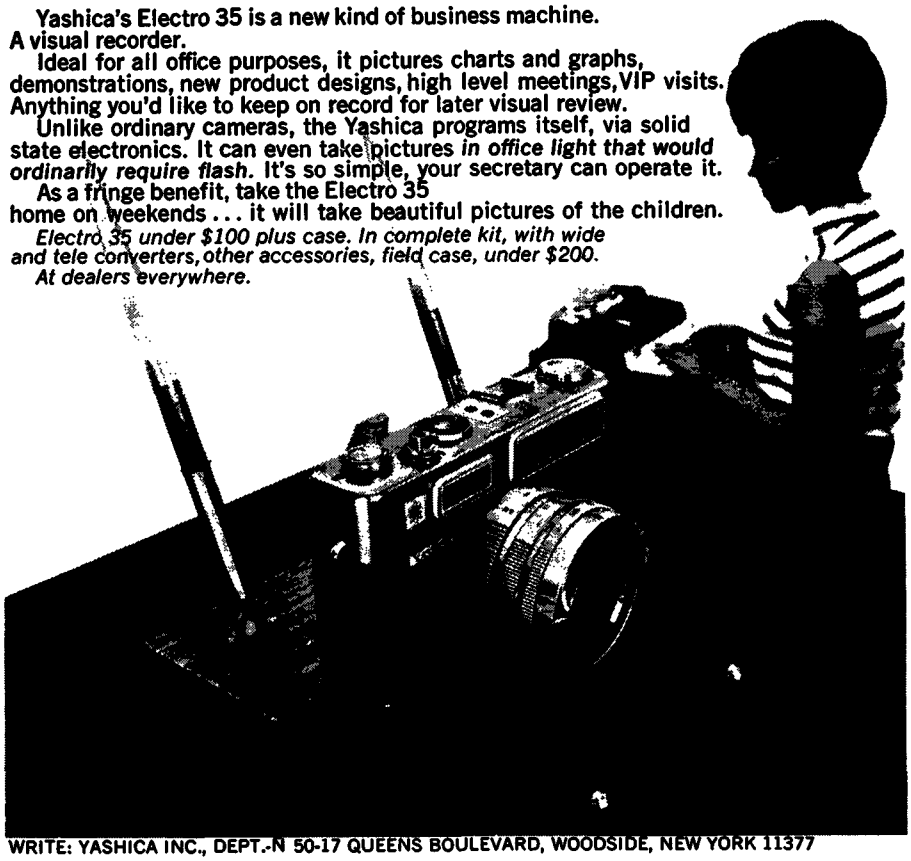

WRITE: YASHICA INC., DEPT.-N 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377

MR. KATEB writes:

Staughton Lynd's letter raises two questions. First, What is the role of the historian in the world of scholarship? Second, what is the contribution of scholarship to social reform? On the first, I continue to believe that it is the duty of most historians to be historians—that is, to keep the past present, to maintain continuity with our predecessor generations. That is their function, by definition. It takes a strong imagination to believe that the dead were once as alive as we now are. I assume that when a man decides to become a historian, he is moved to that choice partly because there is a bit of old Roman piety in his makeup. The fact that there are such men is a matter for celebration. Those in other disciplines in the social studies need not have such piety, nor be bound in their work by it. I expect—I want—political scientists, sociologists, economists to be concerned, for the most part, but not exclusively, with the present. That is *their* function, by definition. There must be some kind of division of labor among scholars though it sounds fussy to say so.

On the second question, I continue to believe that careful analysis is the most radical gesture that an intellectual can make. Circumstances are usually appalling. To say just how and why they are ap-

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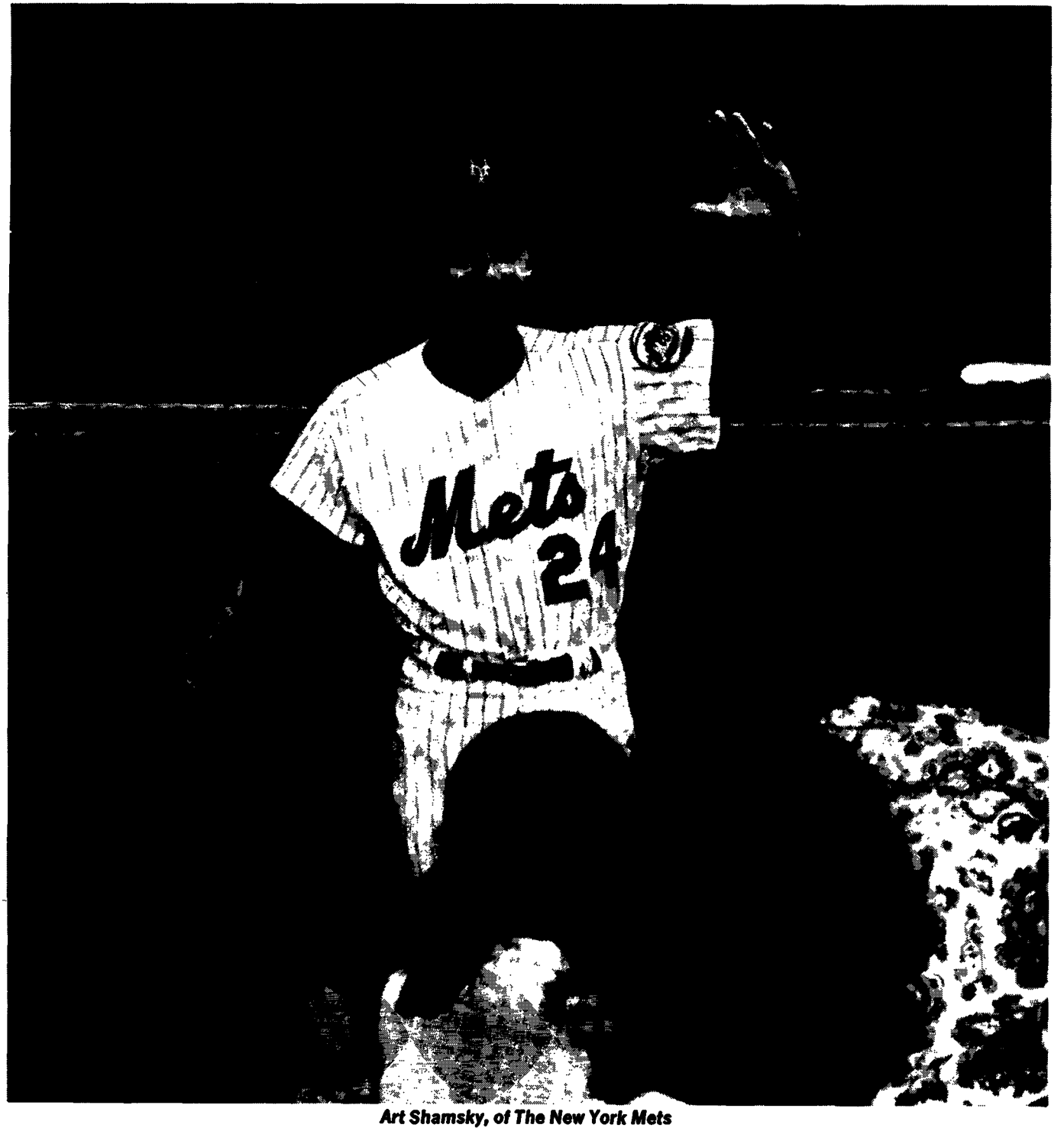

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palling, and to project or imply a vision of how they can and why they must be made better, seems easy, but isn't. It is inordinately hard to reason about madness. But yet I feel that the effort must be made.

As much as Lynd does, I hate the pretense at objectivity that many social scientists think they must make. They almost never succeed; but by trying, they do succeed in producing work that is trivial or lifeless. There is no substitute for moral commitment as a source of both intellectual energy and clarity of perception. Only, fairness and a promiscuous compassion must accompany that commitment. Too much action kills fairness and compassion. The scholar must therefore keep his distance. I must once more fussily insist on a division of labor. Others are ready to act; sometimes too ready. In any case, for action to be morally tolerable, leaders must be instructed. Intellectuals should be there to teach them. But intellectuals can't teach and lead at the same time, or for that matter teach and follow.

Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Mailer's "The Battle of the Pentagon" [April] is one of the most important articles ever to appear in the pages of your truly distinguished magazine. The article's concluding paragraph, beginning with "Brood on that country who expresses our will," should be etched into stone and preserved eternally! Never have I been so moved.

DAN BATES

Dallas, Texas

Controversy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In reviewing my book, *The Conservative Tradition in America* [May], Peter Shaw refers to my "conservatism." I suspect that his dissatisfaction with the book prevented him from finishing it. The last section is one in which I indicate explicitly what was, I hope, implicit at other points—"Socialism with a sense of the past is the name of my desire." The *National Review*, despite its displeasure, was able to see that much. Mr. Shaw's reference to my "know-nothing kinsmen" is a clever play on Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," but I expected more than cleverness in the discussion of political ideas.

The cheapness of Mr. Shaw's quip is characteristic of his manner in this review. Scoring points, he claims that I look for Conservatism in "some little known works" by Cooper, Hawthorne, and Irving. I doubt that *The Pioneers, Satanstoe, The Scarlet Letter, The House of the Seven Gables, and Bracebridge Hall* are all that obscure.

I agree with Mr. Shaw that it is a mistake to call "the tradition of regard for the past 'an ideology,'" but the mistake is his rather than mine. I argue in my introduction that Burke's ideology included a view of liberty and equality, of Reason and Revelation, as well as a belief in the prescriptive power of past experience. Misinterpreting these rather basic matters, Mr. Shaw goes on to misrepresent my comments on the New Humanists, the Agrarians, and James Gould Cozzens.

Mr. Shaw characterizes me as "a genially skeptical professor." I like the adjective but I'll sacrifice the adverb; I think Mr. Shaw's review is stupid.

ALLEN GUTTMANN
Department of English
Amherst College
Amherst, Massachusetts

MR. SHAW writes:

Allen Guttmann persists in wanting a "discussion of political ideas," and so goes on to rehash the standard explication of Burke from the beginning of his book. But my point was that Mr. Guttmann's American authors by his own admission were not related to Burke and hence did not merit such a discussion. *They*, not Burke, I explained, lacked ideology. Like so many American conservatives, the *soi-disant* socialist Guttmann prefers summarizing Burke to answering an argument.

Because I was not "scoring points" I did not use the contradiction in Guttmann's book between his profession of "socialism" and the conservative tendency of his thinking. However, I now see my mistake in dignifying Guttmann with the latter term. His closing insult and loose charges that he was misrepresented (the only

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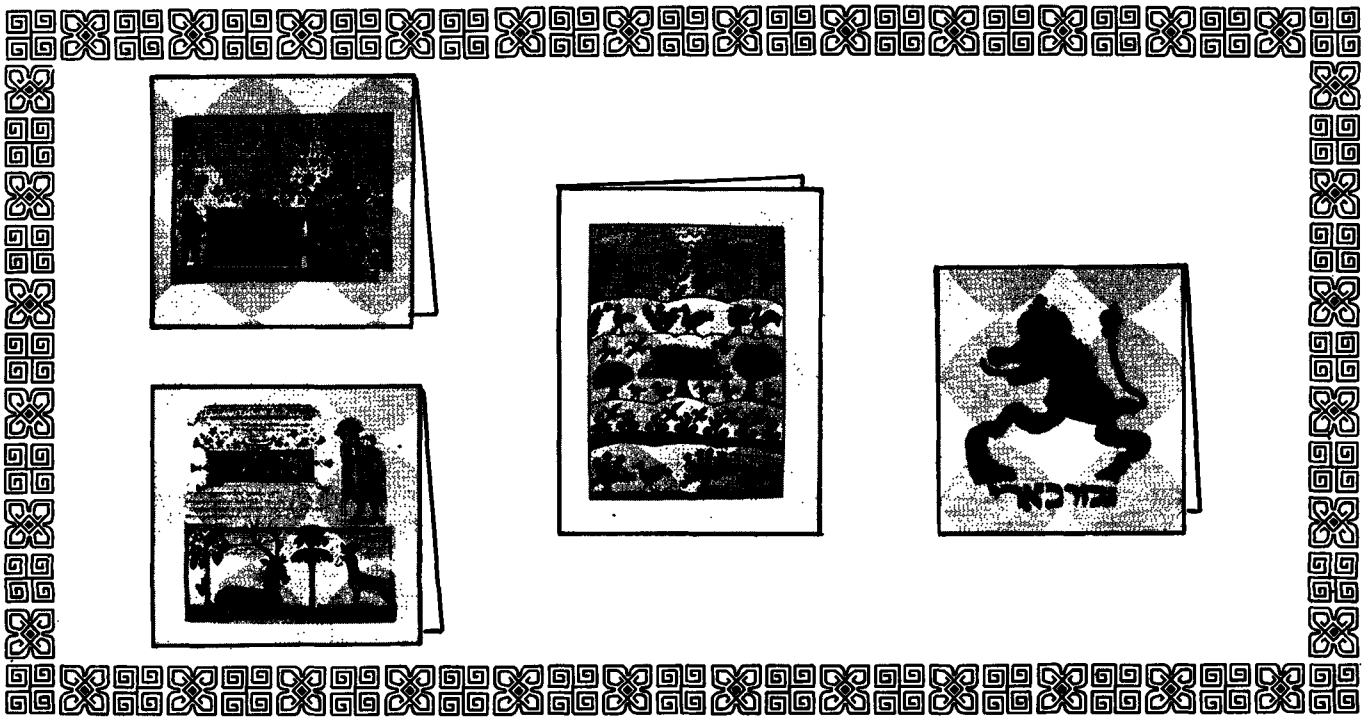

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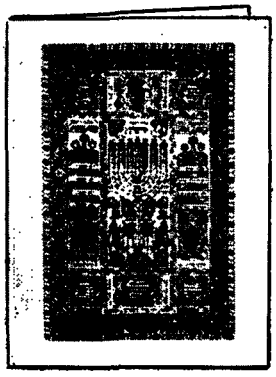

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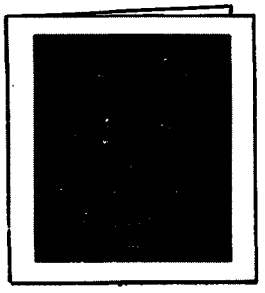

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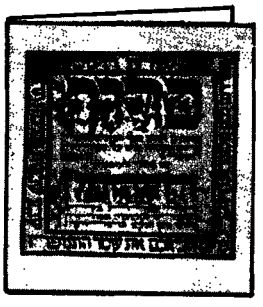

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The upper portion of an Omer Calendar, written and painted on parchment, ca. 1780, and once owned by Moses Mendelssohn.

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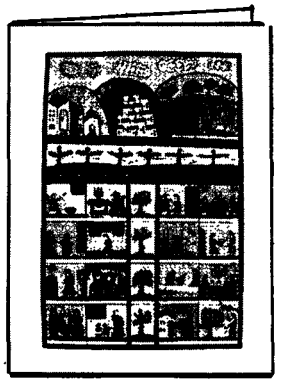

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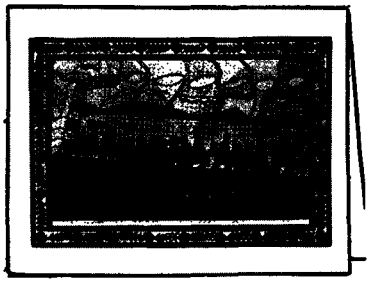

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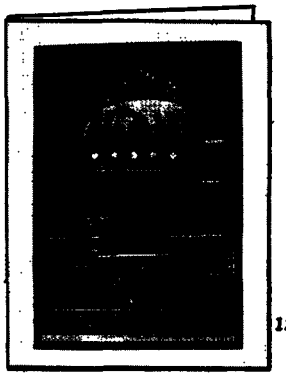
Moses leading the Jews out of Egypt, following a multicolored column of smoke, and accompanied by beasts of burden. A painting by Shalom of Safed.



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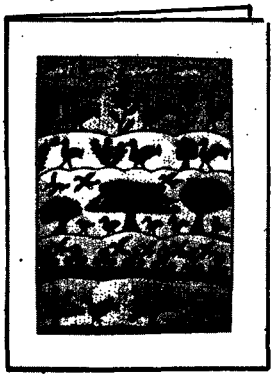
Jonah being swallowed by the whale, while a host of smaller fish looks on. A painting by Shalom of Safed.



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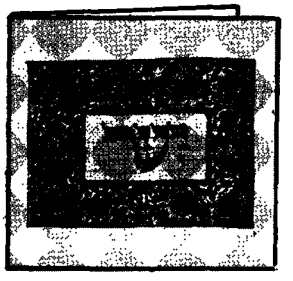

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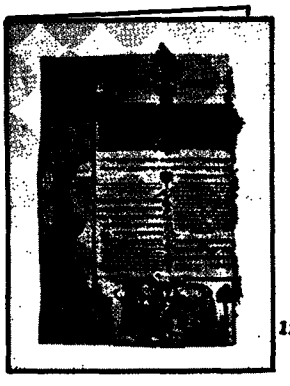

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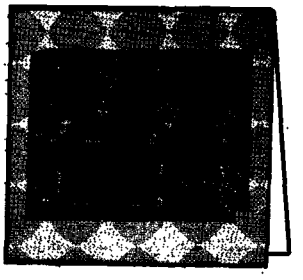

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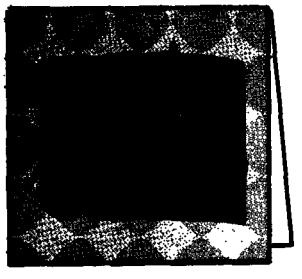

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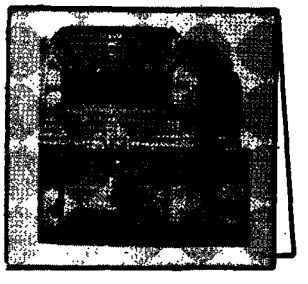

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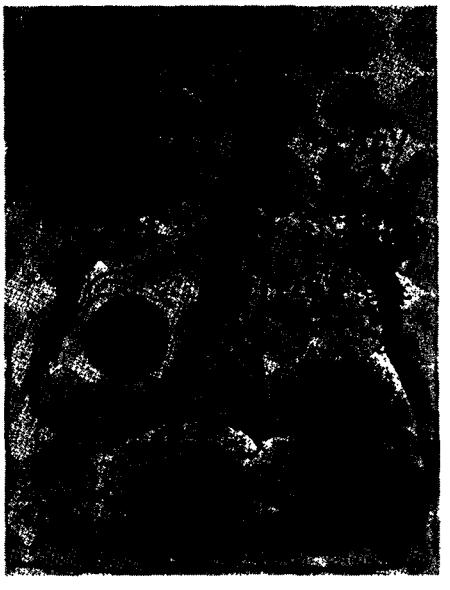

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mention of his "comments" on the Agrarians reads: "Guttmann . . . efficiently outlines the ideas of the Southern Agrarians") are of a piece with his book's emotionality posing as ideas. In both, his political distinctions soon drop away to reveal neither a socialist nor a conservative, but the know-nothingism that I only hinted at in my review. How else can one refer to the sentiments in the following passage from *The Conservative Tradition in America*, with its submission to anti-intellectual, fear-projected myths?

> It was the Ivy Leaguers in the CIA and not the graduates of Annapolis and West Point who subverted the Arbenz government in Guatemala and the neutralist coalition in Laos, who overthrew Mossadegh in Iran and managed the fiasco at the Bay of Pigs.

Education is here equated with error and subversion, the military with toughness and patriotism. Guttmann arrives at a prejudice that is both old and familiar in America, but this does not mean that he has discovered a useful tradition.

Objection

To the Editor of Commentary:

You deserve high praise for publishing Edmund Stillman's scurrilous article ["Dean Rusk: In the American Grain," May]. Up to now I had not been able to perceive the greatness of our Secretary of State, thinking of him as a mere time-server who unfortunately had to respond to events which were not of his making. Mr. Stillman, however, makes it abundantly clear that Dean Rusk has a vision worthy of any of the great statesmen of the past. He does believe in a world order guaranteed by international law and international organizations. Never mind that Mr. Stillman calls such commitment "an obsession" or "conventional wisdom"; never mind that he thinks it funny to call a liberal a "liberalist" and a "meliorist" or that he perversely thinks the mere mention of "supporting the forces of freedom in Indonesia, Iran, and India" will bring forth peals of laughter from his readers. He has succeeded in convincing *me*, and for that I thank him.

I wish to make only one minor correction in his splendidly documented article. Mr. Stillman repeats the oft-repeated charge that Dean Rusk fails to distinguish between Soviet and Chinese Communism. Surveying the first two years of the Johnson administration, I recently came across dozens of statements by the President, the Secretary of State, and his subordinates, all emphasizing the fact that "'there are as many Communisms as there are Communist countries," and that "we have as many foreign policies as there are members of the United Nations." Even more specifically, he said in the Senate Hearings on February 25, 1964: "It is not enough to 'contain' Communism. . . . In these last years some Communist governments have been receptive to our overtures. The Communist world is not like a herd of sheep blindly following one leader." In these hearings he also spelled out the three aims of this administration *vis-à-vis* the Communists: (1) to convince them that a policy of expansionism is dangerous and expensive; (2) to conclude agreements preventing the danger of atomic war; (3) to promote within the Communist orbit tendencies toward national independence, peaceful cooperation, and an open society. I have been unable to find these purposes as funny as Professor Stillman does. On the other hand, when it comes to the charge of being obtuse to distinctions, I am amused by his assertion that isolationists and internationalists are essentially birds of a feather. It so happens that I have serious disagreements with the present policy, but I don't believe, as Mr. Stillman does, that an opponent's different point of view or even serious error can be explained only by moral or intellectual decrepitude.

H. M. Pachter
Department of Political Science
The City College
New York City

D. H. Lawrence Defended

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Stephen Spender's deduction [in his review of William Phillips's *A Sense of the Present*, June], that *Lady Chatterley* is representative of "nearly all" Lawrence's work; that *Lady Chatterley* is merely hygiene; that hygiene is second rate, and therefore Lawrence's work is second rate, fails on all points, but most obviously in the idea that *Lady Chatterley* stands for all ("nearly") of Lawrence's work. If comprehension is divine, how does

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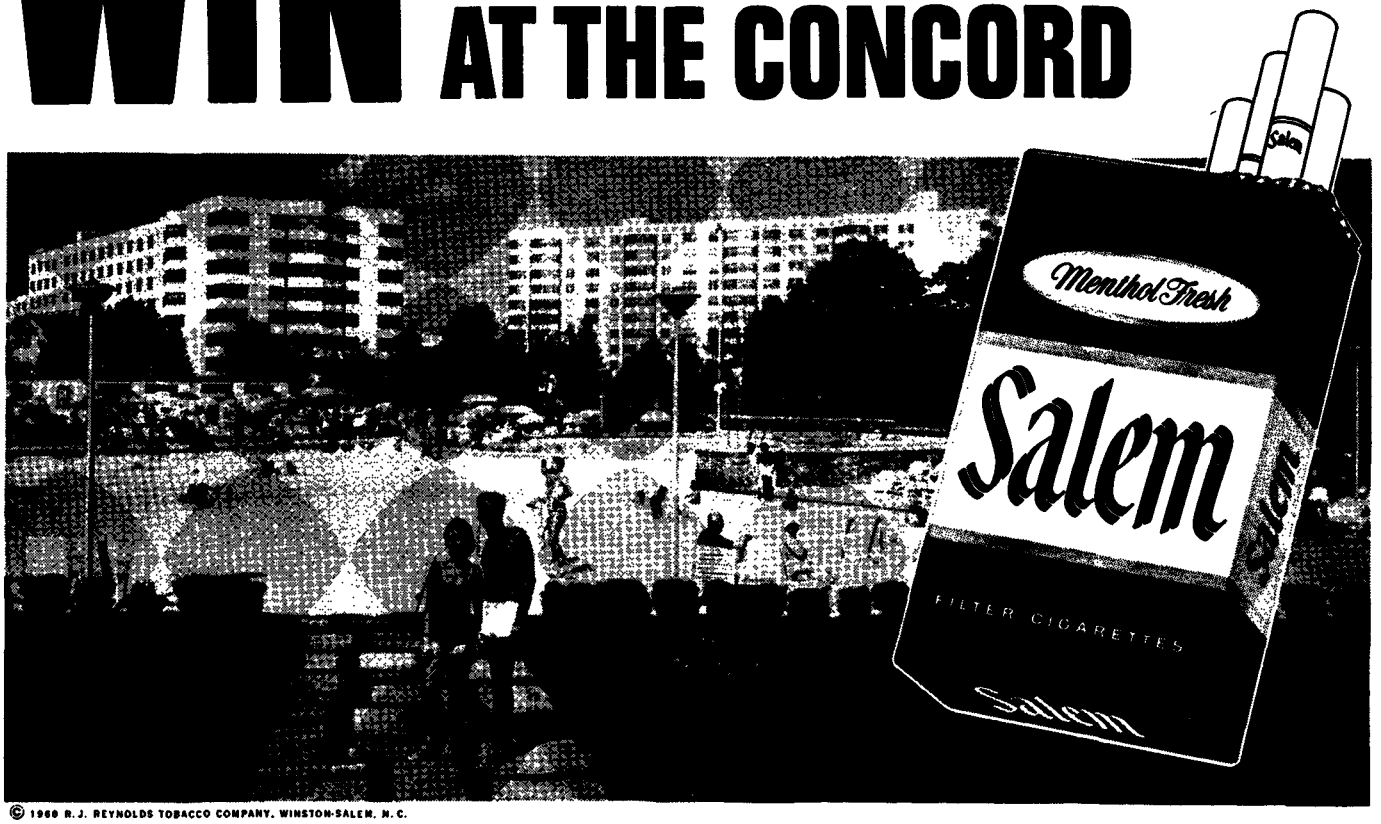

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ERIC WOLF FRIED
Ithaca, New York

Religion & Ethics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was surprised to read in Kathleen Nott's "Metaphysical Obduracy" [May], that my contribution to the COMMENTARY symposium on "The State of Jewish Belief" [August 1966] supposedly advances the claim that "a valid morality needs divine sanction." I find it difficult to account for this misinterpretation . . . since I had explicitly stated that "ethical norms can be severed from their religious moorings" and that "ethical values first formed within the matrix of Judaism have been appropriated even by avowed secularists."

My comments about the intrinsic limitations of science in the field of ethics must not be confused with an endorsement of the claim that divine sanctions are needed to safeguard the moral enterprise. As a matter of fact, the non-scientific character of moral judgments is recognized by numerous secular ethical systems (from intuitionism through formalism to emotive theory).

Kathleen Nott is quite correct in observing that my rejection of the scientific method as the source of moral values is not at all "typically Judaic." As a matter of fact, my position on the relationship between science and morality is based exclusively upon philosophical reasoning (i.e., the legitimacy of inferences from "is" to "ought") and is not at all influenced by my particular "faith commitment." But the fact that my position is not "typically Judaic" does not imply that I have adopted a "common Christian attitude." Kathleen Nott arrives at this "conclusion" since allegedly "there appears to be no reason why Jewish ethics should not be purely humanistic." It must have escaped her that I had stated in the very article that "the ethical act acquires an entirely different dimension within a religious setting." Thus it is precisely the theocentric orientation of Judaism which is responsible for "depriving ethics of its autonomous character and 'reducing' moral behavior to one aspect of one's total quest for holiness in self-surrender to God." Obviously, once one accepts a theocentric orientation, ethics must become an integral part of one's relationship to God and therefore cannot be purely humanistic.

I must also confess my inability to understand why I should be accused of question-begging because I had observed "that for Jewish purposes, revelation cannot be divested of content, for this, for all practical purposes, would displace Torah from its pivotal position in the structure of the Jewish faith experience." It should be noted—and this is borne out by the context of my statement—that I employed this argument only to show that a specific doctrine of revelation which has come into vogue of late, is not suitable for the particular requirements of the Jewish faith commitment. But this was merely an argument used in a "family quarrel," not one addressed to the "non-believing outsider, who categorically rejects the notion of revelation altogether."

[Rabbi] WALTER S. WURZBURGER
Congregation Shaaray Tefila
Far Rockaway, New York

MISS NOTT writes:

Rabbi Walter S. Wurzburger said in his contribution to the COMMENTARY symposium that "revelation cannot be divested of content." Since he also implies that Torah must not be displaced "from its pivotal position in the structure of the Jewish experience" by such divestment of content, we may assume that Torah and the *mitzvot* provide this content of revelation.

On the other hand, "revelation itself (through the written and oral Torah) provides the basis of the binding character of the *mitzvot*." That—here expanded by "the fact that all the commandments represent the revealed word of God"—still strikes me as circular.

If "ethical norms can be severed from their religious moorings" I cannot see what logical reasons you have for trying to reattach them; still less, for stating that "the ethical act itself acquires an entirely different dimension within a religious setting." In other words, *what*, logically or metaphysically, is being added to the humanist (preferably, secular) picture? Or what arguments for *not* categorically rejecting "the notion of revelation altogether" are being adduced? Like the Christians who occupied most of my essay, Rabbi Wurzburger appears to me to be saying that something ("revelation") has to be *believed* because it *isn't* demonstrable.

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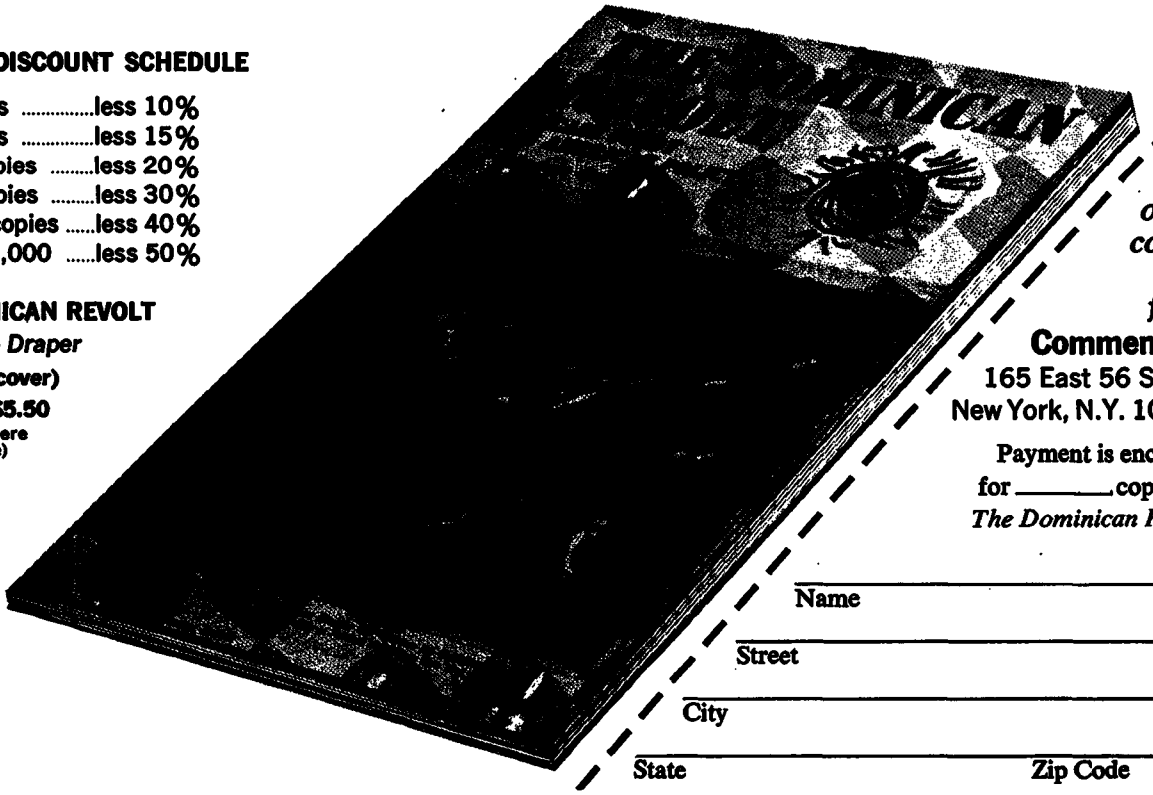

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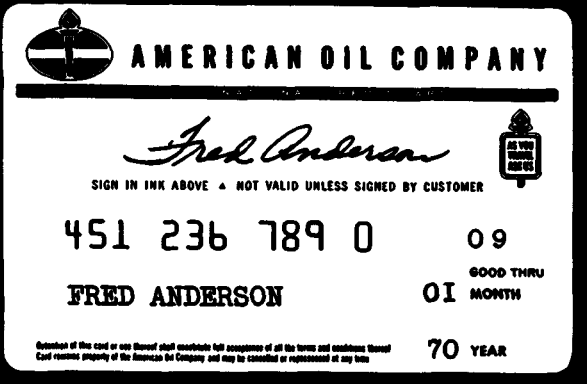

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The Professors and the Poor

Daniel P. Moynihan

NOT LONG AGO, a Negro poverty worker from the Roxbury section of Boston came to see me at the Joint Center for Urban Studies, directed there by a liberal business executive who had thought I might be of help in her effort to raise a large sum of money to establish a cultural center for the disadvantaged. I was not especially sanguine and said as much: the federal poverty program was then being cut back rather than enlarged, and in any event redirected toward employment as against community programs. My visitor's reaction, however, was one not of resignation, but of exasperation. Once again, or so it appeared to her, the demands of the black community were being rejected by the white power structure, in this instance represented by me. In the manner of professors I resorted to reason: was it not the case, I asked, that a very considerable number of poverty programs had been launched in Roxbury in recent years? (The Boston *Globe* was shortly to publish a special supplement describing 262 such programs spread throughout the city as a whole.) "Exactly," came the retort, "but do you notice they only fund programs that don't succeed?"

There in a few sentences were summarized the events of the preceding five years: the transformation of the "war on poverty" from a program concerned with the poor generally, to one understood to be primarily for Negroes (or blacks, as some members of the group increasingly insist they be designated); the proliferation of projects; the constant association of such projects with academic activists, and academic conceptions such as "disadvantage" and "culture"; the precipitous rise of dissatisfaction with the program in the Congress, followed by restrictions in funding; the attendant rise of Negro militancy and hostility, accompanied by increasing sophistication and fiercely asserted independence, but also a very strongly held conviction that power continues to reside in a concealed but ruthless and disciplined freemasonry of the white elite. In the course of the conversation, the suggestion that the junior United States Senator from Massachusetts—a Negro—might be of help was dismissed, whereas it was readily assumed that his white colleague, though out of favor with the incumbent President, would be a man of much potential influence on behalf of the undertaking.

My visitor, in short, gave striking testimony to the painful truth that a great national effort, so bravely begun not four years earlier, was by then widely deemed to have failed.

This is not to say that the war on poverty actually *has* failed. Its success or failure is a question for historians, and the final verdict may be very different from the perception of the moment, not only as to what happened, but as to what was relevant. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that for the present moment the confidence of many persons in the nation's ability to master the congeries of social, economic, regional, and racial problems which were subsumed under the heading of poverty in the winter and spring of 1964 has been badly shaken.

THE MAIN AGENCY responsible for conducting the war on poverty is, of course, the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), and accordingly much of the blame for the presumed failure of the war has been directed to that particular quarter. But even worse than to be blamed in Washington is to be ignored, and as 1968 wore on, there were unmistakable signs that OEO was being overtaken, as so many of the bold enterprises of the early 1960's had been before it, by precisely that worser fate. The pattern was by then almost a fixed one: the bright new idea, the creation of the new agency, the swearing in at the White House of the first agency head, the shaky beginning, the departure twenty-four months later of the original chief, the appointment of his deputy to replace him, the gradual slipping from

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN is Director of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies. Much of what he says here is based on his own involvement, as an Assistant Secretary of Labor under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, in the development of the poverty program; he also draws on a two-year seminar on race and poverty he recently chaired under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. A collection of papers delivered at this seminar will shortly be published by Basic Books, and the present essay, in a different version, will serve as the introduction to that volume.

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sight, a Budget Bureau reorganization, a name change, a third head, this time from civil service, and slowly obscurity covers all. When in May of 1968, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's "poor people's march" made its way to Washington and encamped on the Mall, it was as if they were lobbying for the establishment of an OEO: the fact that such an office already existed seemed almost unknown, or at least was unacknowledged. Something, somewhere, had gone wrong. Or rather, many things had gone wrong, both conceptual and operational.

IN THIS ESSAY, I propose to focus on the conceptual difficulties, for more than most government programs, the war on poverty—rather like the war in Vietnam—was pre-eminently the work of intellectuals—specifically those liberal, policy-oriented intellectuals who gathered in Washington, and in a significant sense came to power, in the early 1960's under the Presidency of John F. Kennedy. Kennedy's Presidential campaign had propounded a fairly radical critique of American society. The Eisenhower era had not been barren of government initiatives, but even when these were of massive dimensions, as in the case of the Interstate Defense and Highway Program, they had tended to be most mindful of the needs and interests of the middle classes of Americans, with the concomitant inference that other, more pressing needs did not in fact exist. In considerable measure the intellectual community accepted this view of things, and applied its energies largely to deploring the uses of mass embourgeoisement. Affluence, indeed, became the master term for the period—so much so that when John Kenneth Galbraith devoted a book to that subject his trenchant discussion therein of the persistence of poverty was virtually ignored.

Kennedy changed all that: in part because he was a Democrat, and by definition involved with the sources of Democratic strength and the tradition of Democratic concern; in part, also, because he was a Roman Catholic. This latter circumstance had forced him to make the crucial test of his campaign for the Presidential nomination the primary contest in Protestant West Virginia, where a decent but impotent people of impeccable pioneer origin were slowly, and without protest, sinking into the slag heaps they had too willingly piled up to make money for other men. Commitments were made in West Virginia, and just as important, impressions were gained that remained with the Kennedy administration throughout.

But beyond these essentially political influences, there arose at the same time an element of intellectual influence, deriving from the world of little magazines and large universities of the kind that abound on the Eastern seaboard. In particular, two clusters of intellectual concern came to bear on the problems of poverty. The first was connected with the fact that on the date John F. Kennedy took office, more men were out of work in the United States than at any time since the great depression, and the second with the then widely discussed problem of deviant behavior. Both sets of concern were much in evidence in the legislative program of the Kennedy years: in the emergence of the "new economics"; in measures such as the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962; and in the establishment of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, which became almost a personal project of the President's brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. If the minimum-wage legislation of 1961 with its emphasis on the low-paid Democratic voter (Negro washerwomen were a group specifically at issue), and the Area Redevelopment Act of the same year, with its emphasis on Appalachia, responded to the political themes of the administration, and perhaps received greater public notice, these intellectual themes were not less in evidence, and were in ways closer to the hearts of the purposeful and proud men then guiding the nation in their brief authority.

The political economy—the "new economics"—of the Kennedy era worked (or that at least must be our assumption), and in working provided perhaps the most impressive demonstration that has yet occurred in contemporary American government of the capacity of organized intelligence to forecast and direct events. If the fiscal and monetary policies inaugurated at that time can be judged a social experiment, the conclusion is hard to escape that it is the only one of its size which really can be said to have turned out in practice as predicted on paper. To be sure, events helped this experiment along. The month Kennedy took office the economy turned upward, beginning the unprecedented expansion that is now, as I write, in its eighth year. Kennedy's task here was essentially to sustain and then accelerate a movement that had begun, as it were, on its own.

This was not the case with the issue of deviant behavior. In at least a general sense that problem probably worsened during this period—that is, events were not on their own moving with the administration—but paradoxically, interest in it appeared to recede. Juvenile delinquency and youth crime, for example, had been considerable issues in the 1950's. Of a sudden they were no longer. Fashions change. Even so, the problem persisted and, further, when unemployment, especially among Negroes, failed to recede in measure as the economy expanded, it too began to acquire certain overtones of deviancy. Was there not something wrong with the "hard-core" unemployed? It is perhaps this feeling that explains why the Youth Employment Act, a bill which was given the highest priority in the administration's legislative program, and which any congressman

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might have been presumed to favor, could not pass the House of Representatives.

IN EFFECT, the Youth Employment Act represented the first, tentative, groping efforts of the federal government to involve itself with the question of the "life style" of lower-class persons. With the long dominant problems of cyclical economics gradually coming under control, the energies of the Kennedy administration were turning to those persons who, for myriad reasons, lived lives of seemingly permanent depression. Some work in this area had already begun. Walter Heller, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, had raised the subject with Kennedy in December 1962, and in the spring of 1963 sent him a memorandum prepared by the redoubtable Robert Lampman. It was in this context that the President's advisers, in the fall of 1963, began to shape the issue of poverty as a central theme for the campaign of 1964, an effort that would begin with the sequence of Presidential messages and proposals in the early months of the year. On October 30, 1963 Heller wrote to the relevant members of the cabinet informing them that Theodore Sorensen had asked the Council "to pull together for the President's consideration a set of measures which might be woven into a basic attack on the problems of poverty and waste of human resources, as part of the 1964 legislative program."

The administration was setting about its business in the manner of men who propose to control events. Within weeks, of course, the nation spun wildly out of control as madness for the moment seized the levers of power and the President was assassinated. All the greater, in the aftermath, was the desire to reassert the powers of rationality, and this had the effect, if anything, of intensifying the pace of the developing poverty program. The theme fitted perfectly into the New Deal, Populist style of Lyndon Johnson, who immediately upon taking office directed that plans for the poverty program proceed as a matter of administrative priority. And in the State of the Union Message of 1964, Richard Goodwin, who was to have been appointed Special Assistant for the Arts on Kennedy's return from Dallas, turned his powerful pen to a sterner subject, and the new President spoke the words, even as he had prescribed their intent: "This administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America."

But already troubles were appearing. It was one thing to propose to do away with poverty. It was another to determine how to do so, and yet another to find the resources and persuade the Congress to authorize the effort. Here the justified pride in and preoccupation with legislative maneuver which characterized the Johnson manner moved matters much too precipitously from phrase-making to vote-trading. Ominously little attention was paid in between to the question of what exactly was the problem to be solved.

On taking office, President Johnson had found the Council of Economic Advisors and the White House staff in a state of some confusion and even deadlock brought about by the conflicting desires of the various cabinet departments concerned to see their existing legislative programs given priority in the new package. Thus, for example, the Department of Labor, which was the "sponsor" of the Youth Employment Act, viewed employment programs as the master weapon to be used against poverty, discrimination, technological change, juvenile delinquency, or whatever the most fashionable formulation of the moment happened to be. Just three days before the State of the Union Message, the Department had presented to the President the report, entitled "One Third of a Nation," of the Task Force on Manpower Utilization which Kennedy had established the preceding August to analyze the extraordinarily high Selective Service rejection rates with the hope of producing evidence in support of his youth-employment proposals. The report had succeeded in that objective, if in nothing else, and was one of the few data sources on which the emerging poverty program could draw. (The study revealed, for example, the disproportionately high rates of Negro failure on the mental test, the great importance of family size for all races, and the sharp differences in rejection rates not only among races, but among regions of the nation.)

But other departments had their own formulations. Most importantly, the Council of Economic Advisors and the Bureau of the Budget had become strong proponents of a proposal (which had emerged from the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime) to organize the war on poverty around the essentially new concept of "community action programs." Through the President's Committee, indeed, headed by the Attorney General, federal funds were already supporting a number of these programs on a "demonstration" basis.

The idea of community action was in one sense the purest product of academia and the Ford Foundation. Its underlying propositions with respect to opportunity structure and anomie constituted a systematic theory as to the origins and cures, if not of poverty, at least of juvenile delinquency. Moreover, in making its way through the maze of the Executive Office Building, it had acquired a managerial gloss which, while never fully, or even partially, intended by its original sponsors, nonetheless proved decisive in its adoption by the mandarins of the Budget Bureau. Community action was originally seen as a means of shaping unorganized and even disorganized city dwellers into a coherent and self-conscious group, if need be by techniques of protest and opposition to established authority. Somehow, however, the higher civil service came to see it as

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a means for coordinating at the community level the array of conflicting and overlapping departmental programs that were proceeding forth from Washington in ever increasing numbers, legislative stalemates to the contrary notwithstanding.* In this situation, President Johnson appointed Sargent Shriver, Director of the Peace Corps, to head a White House task force for the purpose of making peace among the competing proposals and assembling a program.

THUS THE poverty task force inherited a series of conflicting conceptions of the problem and how to deal with it. First was the generalized judgment of the Kennedy era that America was not performing at anything like the level of which it was capable, whether measured in the material terms of gross national product, or in the abstractions of world leadership. To this was added several other elements: an overlay of Johnsonian populism, with its eye on the plight of those "peckerwood" boys in the hill country; a preoccupation with problems of unemployment, with its increasing corpus of statistical and analytical material; the assertion that the problems of lower-class individuals required changes in the social structure, as well as in their own perception of it; and the further, bolder, assertion that these changes could be deliberately induced by means of group action.

It would be inaccurate to say that the Shriver task force was unaware of these divergent views, or that it was insensitive to them. But it had not the least interest in producing an intellectual synthesis. This was to some extent a reflection of Shriver himself, a man of "infectious energy," to quote the New York *Times*—truly one of the rare temperaments of the era—but with no taste and little patience for abstractions such as lay behind the community-action concept. Time, moreover, was short—the group did its work in about eight weeks. But most importantly, the primary attention of all concerned was upon the problem and —as the nation's reaction to the assassination became clearer—upon the real prospect of getting a program through the Congress. For the grief and shock of the assassination was succeeded—rather like the euphoria, even merriment, that will break out at a reception following the return of a funeral cortege—by an atmosphere in Washington of opening possibilities and widening expectations. Far from assembling a massive, in a sense defiant, program designed to affront and indict the Congress with its own unwillingness to act, the task force increasingly submitted to the discipline of political realism as it became evident that this was a bill that was actually going to be passed.

Accordingly, the concept of consensus took over. Shriver busied himself touching every conceivable power base—especially in the business community—while his associates in effect threw together a poverty bill that included some part at least of just about everything which any department or agency had seriously put forth. Pride of place was given to the Labor Department's Youth Employment Act which, with minor changes, became Title I of the proposed bill. The Community Action program, which the Council of Economic Advisors and Bureau of the Budget had originally envisaged as the *entire* poverty package, became Title II. The ideas of other departments followed, pretty much in order of precedence.

THE RESULTING PROGRAM, sent to the Congress on March 16, 1964, thus represented not a choice among policies so much as a collection of them. Nothing of consequence had been added to the congeries of proposals that had been, as it were, handed over to the Shriver group. The one element that might have been expected to be a central feature of any large-scale anti-poverty effort, but which was nonetheless absent from any of the departmental proposals, was an adult employment program. Within the Shriver task force the case for such a program was made with some vigor and little opposition, and the final package, which Shriver presented to a meeting of the cabinet early in March, provided for a special 5¢ tax on cigarettes (originally proposed by Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin), calculated to produce something like $1.25 billion per year to be earmarked for adult employment.† But the Council of Economic Advisors was anything but enthusiastic. The tax was a regressive one, the Council argued, that would destroy almost as many jobs as it would create, and with no guarantee that the newly created jobs would be "on" the poverty target. (The Council staff was at this time especially impressed by analyses of the Accelerated Public Works Program of the Kennedy administration which showed the various projects to have had only a minor effect on hard-core unemployment.) Even the most optimistic Labor Department analysis suggested a net increase of only 50,000 to 90,000 jobs. Shriver, however, believed that through various multiplier effects and other devices, a much higher number could be achieved, as many indeed as 500,000 jobs "on target." Even so, the President would have none of it. The Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, he explained, was against earmarking. Besides, 1964 was the year for cutting, not increasing, taxes—the great Revenue Act of 1964 proposed by Kennedy in the spring of 1963 was then on its way to enactment.

The matter ended there, without protest and with *no* public knowledge. Yet it was a truly cru-

* See Daniel P. Moynihan, "What is Community Action," *The Public Interest*, Fall 1966 and *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding: Community Action in the War on Poverty* (Macmillan), forthcoming.

† This section is based on the author's notes of the cabinet meeting.

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cial decision. Lacking any provision for the employment of adult men, the war on poverty from the start had to concentrate on services for women and children, marginal employment and some intensive training for late adolescents, and—to its eventual grief—community organization. This was to have consequences great or small throughout the society, but most fundamentally for Negro Americans.

II

IN RETROSPECT, it is possible to view the war on poverty as a device that enabled the federal government to launch a fairly wide range of programs designed primarily to aid Negro Americans without having to specify that such was their intent. To some degree, this was recognized to be the case at the time. The theme of poverty was a unifying one, a cause which the most diverse persons could adopt. (Thus the legislation was sponsored in the Congress by Senator McNamara of Michigan and Congressman Landrum of Georgia, men at opposite poles of the Democratic party with respect to domestic issues.) Yet it would be a mistake to conclude that the Negro community was uppermost in the minds of administration strategists either before or immediately after the assassination. It was well enough understood that by any reasonable standard most Negroes probably lived in poverty; but they were still seen as a minority of all those living in poverty, and much was made of this point. Negro poverty was yet to emerge as *the* poverty problem.

For to the extent that the nation was concerned with "Negro" problems at all in 1964, these were still conceived as issues of civil rights in the South. The battalions that had marched with the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. may have been deprived, but they were not poor. Indeed, much of the impact of the civil-rights demonstrations of the period surely arose from the contrast between the obvious middle-class dress, manner, and decorum of the black protestors, and the red-necked vulgarity of the police and white mobs that harassed them. The profoundly different realities of the Northern Negro slum were yet to force themselves on the attention of the country (or for that matter, of the civil-rights leaders) and hence were not especially part of the political context in which the poverty program was assembled.

Yet there was also an intellectual difficulty at work here. The persons who developed the poverty program, and the somewhat different group that went on to administer it, knew very little about the subject of urban Negro poverty—the issue that in one manifestation or another was soon to become our single most pressing domestic political problem. The reasons for this are varied. First, no Negro was involved in any significant way at any significant stage in planning the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. This is not a pleasant matter to discuss, but it is an important one that demands more open acknowledgement.

Negroes generally, and a large number of individual Negroes, have been in the "news" so much of late that it is possible for even the most perceptive observer to fail to see how small a role Negroes play in the academic and governing institutions of the nation (or business, or labor, *et al*) and what little influence they would seem to have. In part this is a matter of things-that-are-yet-to-happen. Yet there are puzzling aspects as well. It is possible to argue, for example, that a Negro intellectual/academic tradition that was in full force a generation ago has somehow faltered in our time, with significant consequences. Some men —like Kenneth B. Clark, for example, who continues his unique and indispensable role—are still doing good work. But by and large the issues of Negro poverty in the present time have been defined and analyzed by white social scientists, and the subsequent programs have been administered by white political executives, Thus, the idea of community action in the context of opportunity theory was conceived by white social scientists, launched by white foundation executives and political activists, brought to Washington by the same, developed in the (white) President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, sold to white economists in the Executive Office Building, and drafted into legislation by the white White House task force on poverty. It does not follow that the presence of influential Negroes at any stage in this process would have led to any greater insights into the problems that were to be encountered, but it might certainly have served to suggest that the enterprise was not going to be an especially simple one.

IN ANY EVENT, because there was no adult employment program, and because the not inconsiderable youth-employment program, the Neighborhood Youth Corps, was from the outset administered by the Labor Department, the Office of Economic Opportunity was primarily left with responsibility for the community-action programs of Title II. Community action, by definition, sought to bring about individual change through social change—by definition, that is, of the white middle-class intellectuals who conceived the program, and the white middle-class activists who seized hold of it in the black ghettos of the nation. Welfare bureaucracies, as S. M. Miller points out, have considerable discretion in the dispensing of funds and the management of their programs generally. This fact has perhaps never been so dramatically in evidence as in the community-action officials of the poverty program—a welfare bureaucracy however much they may loathe the designation!—who attempted to stimulate political activism among the poor of the land, most visibly the black poor

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of the decayed central cities of the North and West.

It was OEO's tragedy that this effort had no more begun when violence broke out in those very places. From having been the passive victim of oppression, or the righteous and dignified exemplar of a great and honorable tradition of peaceful protest, the Negro seemed now to take on the role of aggressor: violent, intimidating, threatening. Some of the public—including the Congress and the White House—associated the change with the community-action program. Useless to argue that correlation does not establish causality: things had gone wrong and blame was placed with those whose task—and promise—it had been to put them right. Within only a few months of its founding, the poverty program was already in trouble with the White House and the Congress, and within three years it was severely restricted in its mission and methods, especially those involving community action, by a punitive legislature and an acquiescent administration.

Had the poverty program ended there, so might the matter of its intellectual origins and difficulties. But it did not. On the contrary, for all the restrictions and abuse it sustained in the first session of the 90th Congress, the essential fact is that it was continued, and on a basis that would suggest it will now become a more or less permanent activity of the federal government. Indeed, the widespread belief that the poverty program has failed may yet prove nothing more than a passing mood and one, moreover, that profoundly underestimates the nature and permanency of the commitment made by the Economic Opportunity Act.

Gertrude Himmelfarb* has pointed out that the Reform Act of 1867, while "perhaps the decisive event . . . in modern English history," was nonetheless a measure which few intended and fewer still comprehended. Far from being, as G. M. Trevelyan would have it, an "orderly and gradual" accommodation to "social facts," the Act was rather a jumble of responses to events of the moment which, however, ended with a *commitment* near to absolute in its nature. "It was this act," Professor Himmelfarb writes, "that transformed England into a democracy and made democracy not only a respectable form of government . . . but also, in the opinion of most men, the only natural and proper form of government. . . . To be sure, the Act of 1867 had to be supplemented by others before universal suffrage was attained. But once this first step was made, no one seriously doubted that the others would follow." Is it not likely that something not dissimilar by way of a commitment was made with the launching of the war on poverty?

If this is so, what federal administrators—and everyone else—think to be true about matters of poverty, race, and social change assumes an immediate programmatic importance, and in a political atmosphere which declares that these are the most pressing domestic issues of the age.

* *Victorian Minds*, Knopf, 392 pp., $8.95.

III

THE MISFORTUNES OF the poverty program are perhaps best visualized in terms of a downward spiral: a shaky start, followed by political trouble, leading to underfunding, followed by still more difficulties in performance, and so on. The underfunding, however, was at least as much associated with the war in Vietnam as with any political difficulties the war on poverty itself may have caused. But if from one perspective the Vietnam nightmare would seem to be a purely random influence on the war on poverty, from another perspective the two were closely connected. Both were efforts largely conceived and put into effect by the liberal thinkers and political executives of the Kennedy era. Both attracted fierce resistance, as well as strong partisanship, and both came in a way to haunt their creators. With respect to both matters the nation tended to polarize into two groups: one demanding de-escalation and withdrawal, the other insisting on a total national effort for "victory." Typically, those calling for ever greater efforts in Vietnam were most inclined to de-escalate the war on poverty, and vice versa. (In the spring of 1968, before, in effect, resigning his office upon finding the conflicting pressures unmanageable, President Johnson apparently joined the former group, calling for "austerity" at home. On the day of Martin Luther King's funeral, across-the-board budget cuts were announced for the poverty program in Northeastern cities.) Typically, the questions were seen as interrelated, in the sense that resources in money, men, executive energy, and something some call "moral" leadership were limited, and choices had to be made as to which effort would receive priority, to the exclusion if necessary (some arguing this was absolutely the case) of the other. No small matters these. As the controversies mounted and passions were engaged, it became clear that the disequilibrium brought on by the apparent failure of these two great undertakings was shaking the nation in most fundamental ways. A time of the breaking of parties was at hand, of the rise and fall of dynasties, of profound reorientations.

All but unnoticed in the crash and cries and dust of battle was the curious part played by the American intellectual community in the initiation of these events which seemed to be ending so badly. The politicians were blaming one another, and the professors seemed content that they should do so. It was an arrangement ostensibly agreeable to all. Yet not satisfactory. The role of the intellectual, especially the academic intellectual, has changed very considerably in American life, and in a very short time. As recently as 1960, Loren Baritz in his study, *The Servants of Power*, noted that "Intellectuals in the United States have long bemoaned the assumed fact that they

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are unloved and unappreciated by their society." Within months of the appearance of Baritz's book, intellectuals were not only to serve power at the very center of the American national government, but also to wield it. Ideas arising out of research and analysis came to have an immediately and deeply consequential impact on events. Thus the concept of limited warfare and graduated response to Communist expansion abroad. Thus also the "discovery" of the persistence of poverty at home, and the concept of eliminating it through a grand strategy. Both conceptions led to "war," and then a fairly rapid onset of disillusion and disavowal. But this disavowal generally involved the objectives of the two efforts, or the individuals in charge of them. In neither case has there been any considerable examination of the theories on which the undertakings were based (or by which they were justified), nor any inquiry into the degree to which the "intellectual" assumptions behind these undertakings were internally consistent and adequately understood. It would be wrong to overestimate the influence of sheer intellection in either of these areas: the war on poverty arose as much as anything from the socialist tradition of men like Michael Harrington and the political processes of the Democratic party; and the war in Vietnam arose primarily from demands of the cold war on an essentially imperial power such as the United States has become. But it is also true that the intellectual contribution was present in both, and on its own terms demands evaluation.

THE ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY ACT, at least in its specifics, was very much a manifestation of the "professionalization of reform" which was proceeding apace at the time, having resulted from the convergence of such forces as Keynesian economics, Democratic politics, a certain thaw in the cold war, the civil-rights revolution, and the emergence of social science as an influence in government.* Just prior to the assassination of President Kennedy, Nathan Glazer described the process:

> Without benefit of anything like the Beveridge report to spark and focus public discussion and concern, the United States is passing through a stage of enormous expansion in the size and scope of what we may loosely call the social services—the public programs designed to help people adapt to an increasingly complex and unmanageable society. While Congress has been painfully and hesitantly trying to deal with two great measures—tax reform and a civil-rights bill—and its deliberations on both have been closely covered by the mass media, it has also been working with much less publicity on a number of bills which will contribute at least as much to changing the shape of American society.

*For an overly optimistic view see Daniel P. Moynihan, "The Professionalization of Reform," *The Public Interest*, Fall 1965.

These, of course, were precisely the bills incorporated into and expanded by the poverty program. Their origins lay to a considerable degree in presumed knowledge as to the nature of social processes and social change. Only just now is there beginning to take place what might be seen as a systematic reassessment of that putative knowledge.

Apart from the fundamental question, Why does poverty bother us?—a question so basic as to remain unasked—the conceptual problems which an anti-poverty program must try to resolve are these: in what way are the poor different from others?; how did they come to be that way?; what actions can be expected to bring them into a measure of conformity with the modes of the larger society sufficient to make them no longer seem poor or different either to others or to themselves? (Whether they would wish this to be done, or whether the larger society would, is another question.)

Although, as remarked earlier, the poverty program grew in substantial part out of concern for certain types of deviant behavior, it is nonetheless the case that at the outset (despite the fact that the idea of "cultural deprivation" had already won many adherents) there was little emphasis on such matters. The poor were presumed to be no more than that: poor. Little heed was paid to the possibility that being poor might eventually lead to structural changes in personality and behavior, much as the state of being hungry can lead to a condition of malnutrition that is not to be cured merely by the resumption of an ample diet. Still, the question of structural difficulties was there—and two factors pushed it to the fore. First was the unavoidable association of the issue of poverty with that of race, and to a lesser degree, ethnicity. Negroes (and Puerto Ricans, and Mexican Americans, and Indians) were poor in ways other poor groups were not, and few could avoid noticing that such persons were perceived as different and treated differently. Second was the startling onset of black violence in the urban slums of the North and West. That this was "different" behavior none could doubt, though no one could really explain it. A paradox of sorts arose: and any number of persons grew more confident in, even more insistent on, the viability of particular strategies for relieving poverty, even as they grew more and more uneasy with familiar formulations of its etiology.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, however, at what might be termed a descriptive (as opposed to a theoretical) level, students of poverty were reaching impressively convergent conclusions. Thus, the existing literature reveals a considerable consensus as to the characteristics of "lower-class" persons who are more or less destitute throughout their life cycle, in contrast, that is, to "graduate student poverty" or the poverty of

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persons who are disabled, or old, or otherwise living in situations quite dissimilar from those to which they were born or in which they spent significant parts of their lives. Peter Rossi and Zahava D. Blum have summarized six qualities of the group Lloyd Warner first described as "lower-lowers" to designate their place in the stratification system:

(1) *Labor-Force Participation*: Long periods of unemployment and very intermittent employment. Public assistance is frequently a major source of income for long periods of time.

(2) *Occupational Participation*: When employed, persons hold jobs at the lowest level of skills—e.g., domestic service, unskilled labor, menial service jobs, and farm labor.

(3) *Family and Interpersonal Relations*: High rates of family instability (desertion, divorce, separation), high incidence of households headed by females, high rates of illegitimacy; unstable and superficial interpersonal relationships characterized by considerable suspicion of persons outside the immediate household.

(4) *Community Characteristics*: Residential areas inhabited by the "lower-lowers" are characterized by very poorly developed voluntary associations and low levels of participation in such local voluntary associations as do exist.

(5) *Relationship to Larger Society*: Little interest in, or knowledge of, the larger society and its events; some degree of alienation from the larger society.

(6) *Value Orientations*: A sense of helplessness and low sense of personal efficacy; dogmatism and authoritarianism in political ideology; fundamentalist religious views with some strong inclinations toward beliefs in magical practices. Low need achievement and low levels of aspirations for the self.

Although several other characteristics could be added to this inventory, a review of the literature indicates that these are the ones about which there is most agreement, and also those which tend to be stressed as critical.

But again: how has all this come to be, and what might change it? While, to be sure, there exists a spectrum of opinion on the matter among students of poverty, it would be quite mistaken to imagine there to be chaos. On the contrary, on closer examination opinions can be seen to cluster around two general positions, distinct but not entirely incompatible. Lee Rainwater, classifying these positions, alludes to the famous exchange between Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway as to the peculiar ways of the rich, and suggests that the question about the poor is whether they really are different, or simply have less money.

On the "Fitzgerald" side, scholars like Walter Miller and Oscar Lewis argue that there is in truth a distinctive "culture of poverty" or subculture of the poor which is not only sustained by external circumstances—lack of money—but also by internal systems of values and preferences and interim personal relationships that have a validity and life of their own, and are capable of persisting well after the external circumstances have been modified or changed altogether. It is to be noted that both Miller and Lewis are anthropologists: trained to perceive differences in cultures, and respectful—even defensive—of those differences. Herbert J. Gans, a sociologist on the "Hemingway" side of the argument, makes a point of this. "The behavioral conception of culture," he argues, "can be traced back to anthropological traditions, and to the latent political agendas of anthropological researchers." With respect to the poor, as Gunnar Myrdal reminded us a quarter century ago, this can be a risky business. There is a long-standing literary tradition which has stressed not only the validity of poverty (preferably rustic) but indeed its *superior* validity. It is just possibly such fancies which lend a slightly astringent air to the polemics of those inverse "Hemingwayites" who insist that the characteristics of the poor are not cultural, but rather situational, and who continually stress that the state of being poor is everywhere defined as not having enough money.

THREE GENERAL POINTS emerge from a survey of the theoretical analyses being done by members of the two general schools of thought on the nature of poverty in America. The first and most important is that any moderately rigorous inquiry into these issues is sooner or later, and more often sooner, stalled by an absence of data against which to check hypotheses. Again it is not a matter of knowing nothing. An important beginning literature has come into being, but it is only that: a beginning. Thus a century after trade unions were first being organized, and the appearance of industrial unemployment as a political and social issue; a half century after the founding of the *Monthly Labor Review*; almost a quarter century from the enactment of the Employment Act of 1946, and the establishment of the Council of Economic Advisors—we are still almost entirely ignorant of the effects of unemployment on individual workers. Similarly, we possess hardly two bits worth of (or two bits of) reliable information as to how changes in income affect individual styles of life.

While this first general point will clearly be seen as fundamental, it will hardly be taken as novel. By contrast, a second general point emerges from a study of the literature on poverty which is not always evident and is not frequently commented upon. This involves what might be described as the impact of social class on the analysis of social class. Just as poverty and race are anything but randomly distributed risks in the population, neither is concern about them, nor the professional ability and/or proclivity to analyze them. So far as the social sciences are concerned,

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it can be laid down that literary productivity on the subject of poverty will appear in inverse ratio to the incidence of poverty in the "group" to which the social scientists happen to "belong." David Riesman is surely correct in his view of the United States as a "society only partially centralized and still radically divided along ethnic, religious, racial, and class lines—but a society nevertheless with an increasingly widespread national upper-middle-class style spread by college education, the mass media, and occupational, social, and geographic mobility." This condition is, if anything, exaggerated within the intellectual-academic community, where an upper-middle-class style is aggressively maintained, but where memories of a not always distant past of privation and rejection are very real indeed. Unavoidably this affects attitudes and perceptions.

The unpalatable truth is that one source of the continuing radical division along ethnic, religious, racial, and class lines of which Riesman speaks is the markedly differential rates of "success" among these groups. Moreover, contrary to what might be generally believed, there would appear to be a high correlation between success in the traditional commercial pursuits of the land, and in the now not less characteristic intellectual academic pursuits. There is no concealing failure in American society; oddly, however, there is not a little concealment of success. Norman Podhoretz, rather to his own disadvantage, has explained this for us: success, he suggests, is to contemporary American society what sex was to the Victorian world—"the dirty little secret," and perhaps always has been. Did not William James as far back as 1906 declare "worship of the bitch-goddess SUCCESS" to be "our national disease!"? Certainly success makes some persons uneasy enough to try to cover it up; for reasons of caution, perhaps, among Jews; by habit and tradition among New England Brahmins; as a deliberate tactic in a certain type of politician, especially Southern ones whose constituencies are so largely comprised of "failures." And the extraordinary success of the Chinese and Japanese groups in America—which now "officially," in terms of Bureau of the Census measurements, have the highest status positions of any ethnic groups in the nation—is still a matter of quite limited knowledge outside a few places like Hawaii.

If there is, then, a commonly felt uneasiness about success, it is nowhere to be encountered in more painful guise than in the literature of poverty. The persisting "social fact" of this literature is that it involves the dissection of unusually unsuccessful groups by representatives of unusually successful ones. While more and more of the billowing literature on poverty and race relations in the United States centers on the conditions of black persons in a white society, less and less of it is actually the work of Negro scholars. This must be repeated: *less*. It was not ever thus. A generation ago anyone seeking to learn more of this subject would of necessity and choice have turned to the work of black authors: Frazier, Johnson, Drake, Cayton, and others almost as distinguished. But somehow that tradition, nobly begun even earlier by such as W. E. B. DuBois, declined. Gunnar Myrdal's great work of the 1930's, *An American Dilemma,* may have constituted a kind of over-kill, at least for research by Negroes. In the mid-1950's American foundations seemingly lost interest in the subject* and white work in race relations also stopped.

When interest resumed, it may be that whites took over the subject, newly *en vogue,* much as they took over the Federal houses in Georgetown and on Capitol Hill. But for whatever reason, Negro social scientists are few and far between today, and those held in the greatest respect—Kenneth Clark, Hylan Lewis, John Hope Franklin, Daniel C. Thompson, Charles V. Willie, St. Clair Drake—are so over-extended and in demand—those conferences! and those community action programs!—as to produce less than would otherwise be the case.

One can, of course, question whether racial, religious, or class experiences are necessarily better interpreted by persons who "belong" to the group in question. It was judged of Myrdal, for example, that one of his primary qualifications for directing the research which led to *An American Dilemma* was that he had had no personal experience of the phenomena he undertook to analyze. On the other hand, there is the plain matter of "data." To have lived as a Puerto Rican immigrant, for example, is surely to have access to knowledge of that condition and an alertness to its nuances that few outsiders can command. At the least, then, what social science very much needs is a considerable widening of its ethnic, social, religious, and regional base. When social scientists observing a given milieu find that their judgments as to its qualities and characteristics are similar to or convergent with the judgments of other social scientists actually drawn from the milieu in question, we will be entitled to a greater order of confidence in the results.

Yet—and here we come to the third general point which emerges from a study of the literature on poverty—the problem of ethnically "representative" analysts is not merely one of interpretation. It is also one of acceptability. In a certain sense, 20th-century social science has inherited the ambiguities and embarrassments of 19th-century charity: its practitioners want to help, and are even able to do so, but are at the same time plagued by doubts as to the validity of any prescriptions they might offer across the chasm that separates them from the objects of their concern.

*See Melvin M. Tumin, "Some Social Consequences of Research on Racial Relations," *The American Sociologist,* May 1968.

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In their most bathetic guise, such doubts take the form of asking: "What right have I to impose my bourgeois values on struggling people who have other, and perhaps superior values?" But the problem is present even for social scientists who are untroubled by the question of "bourgeois" values. What it comes to is that in our society, to be over-explicit about the origins and nature of lower-class behavior is to risk seeming not merely to describe but to indict the group caught up in this behavior. The charge will almost automatically be raised that such analysis, however well intentioned *or* accurate, has given "ammunition" to the enemy.

The most conspicuous effect of all this has been a near obsessive preoccupation with the "blame" for poverty, especially Negro poverty. At different times different factors have been in fashion—capitalism, racism, the military-industrial complex—but the tendency persists. One eminent student of poverty, Walter Miller, goes so far as to argue that a true-believer cult has arisen in this area, based on the proposition that the poor are in poverty by the deliberate conspiratorial design of the power structure. Quite apart from the question of whether this position in any way corresponds to reality, it does encourage a number of singularly unhelpful propensities within American liberalism. Foremost among these is the proclivity for seeing in the poor and dispossessed—however weak and outnumbered they may be—an instrument for transforming the larger society. It was not, after all, just by chance that a large-scale program to provide employment for adult men—a traditional anti-poverty measure—was left out of the poverty program, while the quite unprecedented community-action programs were left in, and indeed came to be the center of the effort even though the opportunity theory on which they were founded is inadequate, if not outright wrong. As Miller puts the point:

> Opportunity is *not* a structure that people are either inside or outside of. Americans may achieve widely varying degrees of success or failure in a thousand different spheres and in a thousand different ways. Beaming to lower status people the message that one can attain "success goals" by breaching, demolishing, or otherwise forcing the "walls" that bar them from "opportunity" conveys a tragically oversimplified and misleading impression of the conditions and circumstances of success, in addition to fostering an imagery with potentially destructive consequences.

But right or wrong in their theoretical underpinnings, it is certainly the case that the apparent function of many of these programs as they actually came into being was to raise the level of perceived and validated discontent among poor persons with the social system about them, without improving the conditions of life of the poor in anything like a comparable degree. Can it be that this has had *nothing* to do with the onset of urban violence?

From the point of view of social science, quite the most pernicious effect of the "blame" impulse has been to discourage rigorous enquiry into the social process that keeps men in poverty, or leads them out of it. Simply to blame The System is an act not of analysis, but too often of obscurantism. Nor is such obscurantism confined to the study of poverty itself. Thus a flaw in the otherwise powerful and moving report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders is that, having declared that "White racism is essentially responsible for the explosive mixture which has been accumulating in our cities since the end of World War II," it dropped the subject then and there. No effort whatever was made, or apparently even deemed necessary, to define "white racism," to trace its etiology, to distinguish different forms and degrees of intensity, to measure its impact, to assess the counter-reaction it may produce in Negroes; nor was there any discussion of how white racism might be diminished or eliminated altogether. The charges against the poor—rioting—had been dismissed. The guilty party—white society—had been identified. Nothing further was needed. One commentator, appalled by the too-eager embrace of this verdict by the major organs of public opinion—an acceptance not in the least associated with any visible national impulse to do anything about the conditions described—concluded that "all that this exercise in blame-fixing offers [the Negro] is an official nudge toward paranoia." The Commission findings, followed so shortly by the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., helped to stimulate a quite unprecedented display of nationwide mourning and self-indictment. Yet the impulse to change the conditions of the life of the poor somehow still lags behind, so little practical value does there seem to be in the willingness to accept guilt for the existence of those conditions. We may yet, indeed, be forced to pay new heed to the psychoanalytic doctrine that guilt eventually turns to rage.

American social science can do better, and so it ought. An honorable, and on balance honorably fulfilled, desire to be helpful has here and there succumbed to a fear of disappointing or to an alarm at contradicting. That is not the way science is done, nor in the end is it the way a republic can be governed. There are promises to keep. In the dark hours of 1964 a bright and shining commitment was made. That commitment stands, and intellectuals, having played a major role in its establishment, now have a special responsibility both for keeping it alive and for keeping it on the proper track.

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Jewish Faith and the Holocaust

A Fragment

Emil L. Fackenheim

WITHIN THE PAST two centuries, three events have shaken and are still shaking Jewish religious existence—the Emancipation and its after-effects, the Nazi Holocaust, and the rise of the first Jewish state in two thousand years—and of these, two have occured in our own generation. From the point of view of Jewish religious existence, as from so many other points of view, the Holocaust is the most shattering. Doubtless the Emancipation and all its works have posed and continue to pose powerful challenges, with which Jewish thought has been wrestling all along—scientific agnosticism, secularism, assimilation, and the like. The Emancipation represents, however, a challenge *ab extra*, from without, and for all its well-demonstrated power to weaken and undermine Jewish religious existence, I have long been convinced that the challenge can be met, religiously and intellectually. The state of Israel, by contrast, is a challenge *ab intra*, from within—at least to much that Jewish existence has been throughout two millennia. But this challenge is positive—the fact that in one sense (if not in many others) a long exile has ended. That it represents a positive challenge was revealed during and immediately after the Six-Day War, when biblical (i.e., pre-exilic) language suddenly came to life.

The Holocaust, too, challenges Jewish faith from within, but the negativism of its challenge is total, without light or relief. After the events associated with the name of Auschwitz, everything is shaken, nothing is safe.

To avoid Auschwitz, or to act as though it had never occurred, would be blasphemous. Yet how face it and be faithful to its victims? No precedent exists either within Jewish history or outside it. Even when a Jewish religious thinker barely begins to face Auschwitz, he perceives the possibility of a desperate choice between the faith of a millennial Jewish past, which has so far persisted through every trial, and faithfulness to the victims of the present. But at the edge of this abyss there must be a great pause, a lengthy silence, and an endurance.

EMIL L. FACKENHEIM is professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto. His most recent book, *The Religious Dimension in Hegel's Thought*, was published in May by Indiana University Press. The present essay will appear, in somewhat different form, as the introduction to Mr. Fackenheim's *Quest for Past and Future*, which Indiana will bring out in October.

II

MEN SHUN THE scandal of the particularity of Auschwitz. Germans link it with Dresden; American liberals, with Hiroshima. Christians deplore anti-Semitism-in-general, while Communists erect monuments of victims-of-Fascism-in-general, depriving the dead of Auschwitz of their Jewish identity even in death. Rather than face Auschwitz, men everywhere seek refuge in generalities, comfortable precisely because they are generalities. And such is the extent to which reality is shunned that no cries of protest are heard even when in the world community's own forum obscene comparisons are made between Israeli soldiers and Nazi murderers.

The Gentile world shuns Auschwitz because of the terror of Auschwitz—and because of real or imagined implication in the guilt for Auschwitz. But Jews shun Auschwitz as well. Only after many years did significant Jewish responses begin to appear. Little of real significance is being or can be said even now. Perhaps there should still be silence. It is certain, however, that the voices, now beginning to be heard, will grow ever louder and more numerous. For Jews now know that they must ever after remember Auschwitz, and be its witnesses to the world. Not to be a witness would be a betrayal. In the murder camps the victims often rebelled with no other hope than that one of them might escape to tell the tale. For Jews now to refrain from telling the tale would be unthinkable. Jewish faith still recalls the Exodus, Sinai, the two destructions of the Temple. A Judaism which survived at the price of ignoring Auschwitz would not deserve to survive.

It is because the world shrinks so fully from the truth that once a Jew begins to speak at all he must say the most obvious. Must he say that the death of a Jewish child at Auschwitz is no more lamentable than the death of a German child at Dresden? He must say it. And in saying it, he must also refuse to dissolve Auschwitz into suffering-in-general, even though he is almost sure to be considered a Jewish particularist who cares

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about Jews but not about mankind. Must he distinguish between the mass-killing at Hiroshima and that at Auschwitz? At the risk of being thought a sacrilegious quibbler, he must, with endless patience, forever repeat that Eichmann was moved by no such "rational" objective as victory when he diverted trains needed for military purposes in order to dispatch Jews to their death. He must add that there was no "irrational" objective either. Torquemada burned bodies in order to save souls. Eichmann sought to destroy both bodies and souls. Where else and at what other time have executioners ever separated those to be murdered now from those to be murdered later to the strain of Viennese waltzes? Where else has human skin ever been made into lampshades, and human body-fat into soap—not by isolated perverts but under the direction of ordinary bureaucrats? Auschwitz is a unique descent into hell. It is an unprecedented celebration of evil. It is evil for evil's sake.

A Jew must bear witness to this truth. Nor may he conceal the fact that Jews in their particularity were the singled-out victims. Of course, they were by no means the sole victims. And a Jew would infinitely prefer to think that to the Nazis, Jews were merely a species of the genus "inferior race." This indeed was the theme of Allied wartime propaganda, and it is still perpetuated by liberals, Communists, and guilt-ridden Christian theologians. Indeed, "liberal"-minded Jews themselves perpetuate it. The superficial reason is that this view of Auschwitz unites victims of all races and creeds: it is "brotherly" propaganda. Under the surface, however, there broods at least in Jewish if not in some Gentile minds* an idea horrible beyond all description. Would even Nazis have singled out Jews for such a terrible fate unless Jews had done *something* to bring it upon themselves? Most of the blame attaches to the murderers: must not at least some measure of blame attach to the victims as well? Such are the wounds which Nazism has inflicted on some Jewish minds. And such is the extent to which Nazism has defiled the world that, while it should have destroyed every vestige of anti-Semitism in every Gentile mind on earth, Auschwitz has, in some Gentile minds, actually increased it.

These wounds and this defilement can be confronted only with the truth. And the ineluctable truth is that Jews at Auschwitz were not a species of the genus "inferior race," but rather the prototype by which "inferior race" was defined. Not until the Nazi revolution had become an anti-Jewish revolution did it begin to succeed as a movement;† and when all its other works came crashing down only one of its goals remained: the murder of Jews. This is the scandal which requires, of Germans, a ruthless examination of their whole history; of Christians, a pitiless reckoning with the history of Christian anti-Semitism; of the whole world, an inquiry into the grounds of its indifference for twelve long years. Resort to theories of suffering-in-general or persecution-in-general permits such investigations to be evaded.

Yet even where the quest for explanations is genuine there is not, and never will be, an adequate explanation. Auschwitz is the scandal of evil for evil's sake, an eruption of demonism without analogy; and the singling-out of Jews, ultimately, is an unparalleled expression of what the rabbis call groundless hate. This is the rock on which throughout eternity all rational explanations will crash and break apart.

How can a Jew respond to thus having been singled out, and to being singled out even now whenever he tries to bear witness? Resisting rational explanations, Auschwitz will forever resist religious explanations as well. Attempts to find rational causes succeed at least up to a point, and the search for the religious, ideological, social, and economic factors leading to Auschwitz must be relentlessly pressed. In contrast, the search for a purpose in Auschwitz is foredoomed to total failure. Not that good men in their despair have not made the attempt. Good Orthodox Jews have resorted to the ancient "for our sins are we punished," but this recourse, unacceptable already to Job, is in this case all the more impossible. A good Christian theologian sees the purpose of Auschwitz in a divine reminder of the sufferings of Christ, but this testifies to a moving sense of desperation—and to an incredible lapse of theological judgment. A good Jewish secularist will connect the Holocaust with the rise of the state of Israel, but while to see a causal connection here is possible and necessary, to see a purpose is intolerable. A total and uncompromising sweep must be made of these and other explanations, all designed to give purpose to Auschwitz. No purpose, religious or non-religious, will ever be found in Auschwitz. The very attempt to find one is blasphemous.

Yet it is of the utmost importance to recognize that seeking a purpose is one thing, but seeking a response quite another. The first is wholly out of the question. The second is inescapable. Even after two decades any sort of adequate response may as yet transcend the power of any Jew. But his faith, his destiny, his very survival will de-

* Witness the recent Polish propaganda campaign—tantamount to a rewriting of Holocaust history—in which it was suggested that the Jews had cooperated with the Nazis in their own destruction.

† See, e.g., George L. Mosse, *The Crisis of German Ideology*; especially chapter 17.

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pend on whether, in the end, he will be able to respond.

How can a Jew begin to seek a response? Looking for precedents, he finds none either in Jewish or in non-Jewish history. Jewish (like Christian) martyrs have died for their faith, certain that God needs martyrs. Job suffered despite his faith, able to protest within the sphere of faith. Negro Christians have died for their race, unshaken in a faith which was not at issue. The one million Jewish children murdered in the Nazi Holocaust died neither because of their faith, nor in spite of their faith, nor for reasons unrelated to faith. They were murdered because of the faith of their great-grandparents. Had these great-grandparents abandoned their Jewish faith, and failed to bring up Jewish children, then their fourth-generation descendants might have been among the Nazi executioners, but not among their Jewish victims. Like Abraham of old, European Jews some time in the mid-19th century offered a human sacrifice, by the mere minimal commitment to the Jewish faith of bringing up Jewish children. But unlike Abraham they did not know what they were doing, and there was no reprieve. This is the brute fact which makes all comparisons odious or irrelevant. This is what makes Jewish religious existence today unique, without support from analogies anywhere in the past. This is the scandal of the particularity of Auschwitz which, once confronted by Jewish faith, threatens total despair.

I CONFESS THAT it took me twenty years until I was able to look at this scandal, but when at length I did, I made what to me was, and still is, a momentous discovery: that while religious thinkers were vainly struggling for a response to Auschwitz, Jews throughout the world—rich and poor, learned and ignorant, religious and non-religious—had to some degree been responding all along. For twelve long years Jews had been exposed to a murderous hate which was as groundless as it was implacable. For twelve long years the world had been lukewarm or indifferent, unconcerned over the prospect of a world without Jews. For twelve long years the whole world had conspired to make Jews wish to cease to be Jews wherever, whenever, and in whatever way they could. Yet to this unprecedented invitation to group-suicide Jews responded with an unexpected will-to-live—with, under the circumstances, an incredible commitment to Jewish group survival.

In ordinary times, a commitment of this kind may be a mere mixture of nostalgia and vague loyalties not far removed from tribalism; and, unable to face Auschwitz, I had myself long viewed it as such, placing little value on a Jewish survival which was, or seemed to be, only survival for survival's sake. I was wrong, and even the shallowest Jewish survivalist philosophy of the postwar period was right by comparison. For in the age of Auschwitz a Jewish commitment to Jewish survival is in itself a monumental act of faithfulness, as well as a monumental, albeit as yet fragmentary, act of faith. Even to do no more than remain a Jew after Auschwitz is to confront the demons of Auschwitz in all their guises, and to bear witness against them. It is to believe that these demons cannot, will not, and must not prevail, and to stake on that belief one's own life and the lives of one's children, and of one's children's children. To be a Jew after Auschwitz is to have wrested hope—for the Jew and for the world—from the abyss of total despair. In the words of a speaker at a recent gathering of Bergen-Belsen survivors, the Jew after Auschwitz has a second *Shema Yisrael*: no second Auschwitz, no second Bergen-Belsen, no second Buchenwald —anywhere in the world, for anyone in the world!

What accounts for this commitment to Jewish existence when there might have been, and by every rule of human logic should have been, a terrified and demoralized flight from Jewish existence? Why, since Auschwitz, have all previous distinctions among Jews—between religious and secularist, Orthodox and liberal—diminished in importance, to be replaced by a new major distinction between Jews committed to Jewish survival, willing to be singled out and counted, and Jews in flight, who rationalize this flight as a rise to humanity-in-general? In my view, nothing less will do than to say that a commanding Voice speaks from Auschwitz, and that there are Jews who hear it and Jews who stop their ears.

The ultimate question is: where was God at Auschwitz? For years I sought refuge in Buber's image of an eclipse of God. This image, still meaningful in other respects, no longer seems to me applicable to Auschwitz. Most assuredly no *redeeming* Voice is heard from Auschwitz, or ever will be heard. However, a *commanding* Voice is being heard, and has, however faintly, been heard from the start. Religious Jews hear it, and they identify its source. Secularist Jews also hear it, even though perforce they leave it unidentified. At Auschwitz, Jews came face to face with absolute evil. They were and still are singled out by it, but in the midst of it they hear an absolute commandment: *Jews are forbidden to grant posthumous victories to Hitler.* They are commanded to survive as Jews, lest the Jewish people perish. They are commanded to remember the victims of Auschwitz, lest their memory perish. They are forbidden to despair of man and his world, and to escape into either cynicism or otherworldliness, lest they cooperate in delivering the world over to the forces of Auschwitz. Finally, they are forbidden to despair of the God of Israel, lest

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Judaism perish. A secularist Jew cannot make himself believe by a mere act of will, nor can he be commanded to do so; yet he can perform the commandment of Auschwitz. And a religious Jew who has stayed with his God may be forced into new, possibly revolutionary, relationships with Him. One possibility, however, is wholly unthinkable. A Jew may not respond to Hitler's attempt to destroy Judaism by himself cooperating in its destruction. In ancient times, the unthinkable Jewish sin was idolatry. Today, it is to respond to Hitler by doing his work.

In the Midrash, God is, even in time of unrelieved tragedy, only "seemingly" powerless, for the Messiah is still expected. In Elie Wiesel's *Night*, God hangs on the gallows, and for the hero of Wiesel's *The Gates of the Forest*, A Messiah who is able to come, and yet at Auschwitz failed to come, is not to be conceived. Yet this same hero asserts that precisely because it is too late we are commanded to hope. He also says the Kaddish, "that solemn affirmation, filled with grandeur and serenity, by which man returns to God His crown and His scepter." But how a Jew after Auschwitz can return these to God is not yet known. Nor is it yet known how God can receive them.

III

The Nazi Holocaust has brought Jews and Christians closer together —and set them further apart. The first truth is comforting and obvious. The second is painful, complex, and obscure, but perhaps in the end more necessary to confront. The gulf between Jews and Christians which Hitler succeeded in creating can be bridged only if it is recognized. But to bridge it is of incalculable importance for the future of both Judaism and Christianity.

Since an objective grasp of this issue is almost impossible, I had better state my views in terms of my own subjective development. Twenty years ago I believed that what once separated Jew and Christian was now dwarfed by what united them —namely their opposition to Nazism. I was of course not unaware of phenomena like the Nazi "German-Christian" church, or of the fact that respectable and indeed outstanding theologians were part of it. But so far as my native Germany was concerned, it was not the Christian Nazis who mattered to me; it was rather the Christian anti-Nazis, however small their number—not the "German-Christian" but rather the German confessional church. And what mattered theologically was thinkers like Barth and Tillich, able to recognize Nazi idolatry and to fight it courageously and unequivocally. To this day I still revere Kierkegaard, the first Christian thinker to perceive the nature and extent of modern idolatry, who would surely have been put into a concentration camp had he lived and written in Nazi Germany. To this day I am supported in my Judaism by the faithfulness of Christians to their Christianity. And when a new generation of Christian theologians arises to proclaim the death of God I feel, as a Jew, abandoned and betrayed.

The ancient rabbis recognized "righteous Gentiles" as being equal to the high priest in the sight of God; but they had no real acquaintance with Christianity and, of course, none with Islam. Medieval Jewish thinkers recognized Christianity and Mohammedanism as valid monotheistic religions, and considering the state of medieval Jewish-Christian and Jewish-Moslem relations, it is surprising that they did. But since the experience of Nazism and of Christian opposition to Nazism (which goes back to my adolescence), I have been convinced that there is now a need for Jewish recognition that the Christian (and the Mohammedan) not only affirms the One God but also stands in a living relation to Him. Where to go from here I cannot say. I never could accept Rosenzweig's famous "double covenant" doctrine, according to which all except Jews (who are already "with the Father") need the Son in order to find Him. How can a modern Jew pray for the conversion of the whole non-Jewish world to Christianity when even pre-modern Jews could pay homage to Moslem monotheism? Rosenzweig's doctrine seems altogether outmoded at a time when Christians themselves are beginning to replace missionary efforts with inter-religious dialogue, and I wonder whether even for Rosenzweig this doctrine was more than a stage in his self-emancipation from modern paganism.

Thus, though I very much feel the need for a Jewish doctrine of Christianity, I am left without one and must for the time being rest content only with openness to Jewish-Christian dialogue. As regards the prospect of such dialogue, I confess that I have over the years become less optimistic in the hope that the long age of Christian triumphalism over Judaism is truly being superseded by an age of Jewish-Christian dialogue. In view of recent Christian developments, such as ecclesiastical declarations deploring anti-Semitism and absolving Jews of the charge of deicide, this may seem a strange, and even perverse, personal opinion. Yet I think that recent events have shown it to be realistic.

To most impartial observers it has always been a plain fact that, ever since the Age of Enlightenment, it was secularists who spearheaded the struggle for Jewish emancipation; organized Christian forces sometimes accepted emancipation, often opposed it, but rarely if ever led the fight. This fact, plain to so many, I myself failed to see (or refused to accept) until quite recently. I saw the distinction between the new Nazi and the old Christian anti-Semitism, but could not

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bear to admit a relation between them. In the grim years of Nazism and immediately thereafter, I found it humanly impossible to see enemies on every side. Twenty-five years later, however, it is necessary to confront yet another painful truth.

I will confine myself to two examples, both concerning German Christians opposed to Nazism. In 1933, many Jews then in Germany, myself included, made a veritable saint of Cardinal Faulhaber, crediting him with opposing both Nazism and Nazi anti-Semitism. This image remained with me for many years. I had read the Cardinal's relevant sermons, but had somehow not noticed what they said. Not until about three years ago, when I came upon Guenter Lewy's masterful *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany*, did I realize that Faulhaber had confined his defense to the Jews of the Old Testament, and had gone out of his way to make clear that he was not defending his Jewish contemporaries. To quote Lewy:

> We must distinguish, he told the faithful, between the people of Israel before the death of Christ, who were vehicles of divine revelation, and the Jews after the death of Christ, who have become restless wanderers over the earth. But even the Jewish people of ancient times could not justly claim credit for the wisdom of the Old Testament. So unique were these laws that one was bound to say: "People of Israel, this did not grow in your own garden of your own planting. This condemnation of usurious land-grabbing, this war against the oppression of the farmer by debt, this prohibition of usury, is not the product of your spirit."

Rarely has the Christian belief in the revealed character of the Hebrew Bible been put to so perverse a use.

MY SECOND EXAMPLE is even more painful, for it involves none other than the universally beloved Dietrich Bonhoeffer, brave anti-Nazi Christian witness and martyr to his cause. Even now I find it hard to believe that he should have confined his attack on Nazi Aryan legislation to its application to converted Jews; and I find it even harder to believe that these words were written by Bonhoeffer in Nazi Germany in response to Nazi anti-Semitism:

> Now the measures of the state toward Judaism in addition stand in quite special context for the church. The church of Christ has never lost sight of the thought that the "chosen people," who nailed the redeemer of the world to the cross, must bear the curse for its action through a long history of suffering. . . .

Rather than comment myself, I prefer to cite the comment of the American Christian theologian, J. Coert Rylaarsdam:

> We all think of Dietrich Bonhoeffer as a good Christian, even a martyr, perhaps. With great courage he insisted on "the crown rights of the Redeemer" within his own church. Moreover, he insisted that Jews who had converted to Christianity were entitled to the same rights in the church as other Christians, a position by no means unanimously held in the church of Hitler's Germany. Nevertheless, standing in the Christian tradition of the curse, Bonhoeffer did not hesitate to appeal to it to rationalize Hitler's program for Jews faithful to their own faith.

To keep the record straight, one must add that the passages in question were written in 1933 (when, according to his friend Eberhard Bethge, Bonhoeffer still suffered from "lack of reality-relatedness"), that his opposition to Nazism became more complete as it came to assume secular-political expression, and, indeed, that he took personal risks to save Jewish lives. Even so, I know of no evidence yet (though I would dearly love to hear of any) to the effect that Bonhoeffer ever totally repudiated the Christian "tradition of the curse." From the very beginning he opposed the encroachment of racism upon the church and spoke up for Jews converted to Christianity. By 1940 he charged that the church "was silent when she should have cried out because the blood of the innocent was crying aloud to heaven . . . she is guilty of the deaths of the weakest and most defenseless brothers of Jesus Christ." But during the most grievous Jewish martyrdom in all of history, did he ever repudiate a millennial Christian tradition, and seek a bond (even if only in his own mind) with "Jews faithful to their own faith," because, and not in spite of, their faithfulness? How different would Bonhoeffer's struggle have been if he had repudiated the "Christian tradition of the curse" from the start! How different would Jewish fate have been in our time had his whole church repudiated it!

IN AMERICA, to be sure, it has always been different, and the churches of the 1960's differ everywhere from those of the 1940's, there being historic changes in the making in Christian attitudes toward Jews. The question is, however, whether American differences are not mainly due to the effect of secular democracy, and also whether the changes in Christian attitudes toward Jews possess the radicalism which, after Auschwitz, is a categorical imperative. Here again, only ruthless truthfulness can save the future of Jewish-Christian dialogue. And the truth, as I am now forced to see it, is that the organized Christian forces will find it easiest to drop the ancient charge of deicide, harder to recognize roots of anti-Semitism in the New Testament, and hardest of all to face up to the fact that Jews and Judaism are both still alive. Confronted with

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the awkward fact of Jewish survival after the advent of Christianity, theologians have looked upon Judaism as a fossil, an anachronism, a shadow. It is not easy to reverse a doctrine which has persisted for two millennia (assuming not only religious, but also, as in Toynbee, secular, and, as in Marx, anti-religious forms), and to recognize that both Jews and Judaism have maintained an unbroken existence throughout the entire Christian era. But how can a Jew, however he may strain his ears, hear God speak to the Christian church, if even after Auschwitz this ancient calumny is not at length totally and categorically rejected? And how, he wonders, can a Christian enter into dialogue with a Jew unless he recognizes that the person across the table is no shadow but alive?

These questions became traumatically vivid for any Jew committed to Jewish-Christian dialogue during the momentous events of May and June 1967, when the state of Israel, the most incontestable proof that the Jewish people still lives, was threatened with destruction. The secular Western press understood well enough that Israel was fighting for her life. Yet only a handful of Christian spokesmen showed the same understanding. Why should Christian spokesmen have remained neutral as between Israel's claim to the right to live and Arab claims to the right to destroy her—if not because of old, unconscious, theologically-inspired doubts as to whether the "fossil" Israel did indeed have the right to live? Why has there always been much Christian concern for Arab refugees from Israel, but none whatever for Jewish refugees from Arab countries—if not because of old, no longer consciously remembered ecclesiastical doctrines to the effect that Jews (unlike Arabs) must be kept landless, and therefore rightless? Why were ecclesiastical authorities untroubled by two decades of Moslem control of the Christian holy places (and of Arab desecration of Jewish holy places), and yet now so deeply distressed by Jewish control?

But a still more ultimate question is raised by the events of 1967. For two long weeks in May the worldwide Jewish community perceived the specter of a second Jewish Holocaust in a single generation. For two weeks it listened to the same words emanating from Cairo and Damascus which had once emanated from Berlin, largely composed, one may be sure, by pupils of Joseph Goebbels. For two weeks it longed for Christian words of apprehension and concern. But whereas some such words came from secular sources, from the churches there was little but silence.* Once again, Jews were alone. This fact, transcending as it does all politics, is a trauma for Jews regardless of political persuasion—non-Zionists and even anti-Zionists as well as Zionists. Moreover, it stands between Jews and Christians even now, for when Jews ask why there was no moral Christian outcry against a second Auschwitz they are still widely misunderstood, as demanding of Christians that they side politically with Israel against the Arab states.

Any Jew pondering this ultimate question must surely reject the idea that the Christian churches abandoned Jews knowingly to a second Holocaust. What, then, was revealed by the Christian silence in the spring of 1967? Not, I believe, an old Christian anti-Semitism, but rather a new Jewish-Christian problem—the fearful truth that Hitler, against his will bringing Jews and Christians closer, also had his will in setting them further apart.

A Jew at Auschwitz was murdered because he was a Jew; a Christian was murdered only if he was a saint: but there are few saints among either Jews or Christians. Hitler gave a new and perverse reality to the ancient Jewish doctrine that anyone born a Jew is a Jew. He also gave a new and perverse reality to the ancient Christian doctrine that one becomes a Christian only through an act of voluntary commitment—and, with diabolical cunning as well as terror, he led Christians into temptation. Hitler tried to create an abyss between Jews and Christians; he succeeded; and—this is the horror—he continues to enjoy posthumous successes. The Jew after Auschwitz exists with the knowledge of abandonment; the Christian cannot bear to face his responsibility for this abandonment. He knows that, as a Christian, he should voluntarily have gone to Auschwitz, where his own Master would have been dragged, voluntarily or involuntarily, and he is wracked by a sense of guilt the deeper the less he has cause to feel it. Hence the Christian failure to face Auschwitz. Hence Christian recourse to innocuous generalities. Hence, too, Christian silence in May 1967. If in May 1967 the Christian community did not cry out against a second Auschwitz, it was not because of its indifference to the words emanating from Cairo and Damascus, but rather because it did not hear them. It failed to recognize the danger of a second Holocaust because it has yet to recognize the fact of the first.

To bridge the Jewish-Christian gulf which Hitler has succeeded in creating is a task of incalculable importance, and at a Jewish-Christian colloquium prior to the events of May 1967 I attempted a hesitant step in that direction. I said there that if every Christian in Hitler's Europe had followed the example of the King of Denmark and decided to put on the yellow star, there would today be neither confusion nor despair in the church, nor talk of the death of God. I said with

* See A. Roy and Alice L. Eckardt, "Again, Silence in the Churches," *The Christian Century*, July 26 and August 2, 1967.

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every emphasis at my command that, as a Jew after Auschwitz, I did not and could not speak as a judge, but only as a witness. To remove every trace of ambiguity or doubt I stated not politely, but quite truthfully, that I had been sixteen years of age when Hitler came to power, and had not known then, any more than I knew now, whether I would have become a Nazi had I been born a Gentile. Yet a leading Christian thinker, himself a lifelong anti-Nazi, mistook my statement for a case of Jewish triumphalism. So wide still is the gulf between Jews and Christians which Hitler opened decades ago. So close are we to handing him further, posthumous victories.

IV

ON ANOTHER public occasion, in March 1967, I asked the following question:

> Would we [like Job] be able to say that the question of Auschwitz will be answered in any sense whatever in case the eclipse of God were ended and He appeared to us? An impossible and intolerable question.

Less than three months later this purely hypothetical question had become actual, when at Jerusalem the threat of total annihilation gave way to sudden salvation, atheists spoke of miracles, and hardboiled Western reporters resorted to biblical images.

The question *is* impossible and intolerable. Even Job's question is not answered by God's presence, and to him children are restored. The children of Auschwitz will not be restored, and the question of Auschwitz will not be answered by a saving divine presence.

And yet, is a Jew after Auschwitz permitted to despair of salvation because of Auschwitz? Is it permitted him to cast out all hope and all joy? But on the other side, can there be any hope and any joy, purchased at the price of forgetting? Any one of these responses would be further victories handed to Hitler, and are thus impossible.

It was into precisely this impossible and intolerable contradiction that believing Jews were placed by the events at Jerusalem in May and June 1967. Those events cast into clear relief the whole as yet unassimilated fact of an embattled, endangered, but nevertheless free Jewish state, emerging from ashes and catastrophe. Solely because of the connection of the events of May and June with Auschwitz did a military victory (rarely applauded in Judaism, and never for its own sake) acquire an inescapable religious dimension.

In this context, let me quote from a letter I recently received from Professor Harold Fisch of Bar-Ilan University in Israel:

> May I report to you a conversation I had last summer with a colleague, a psychologist, who had served during the war as an artillery officer in Sinai. I asked him how he accounted for the remarkable heroism of the quite ordinary soldier of the line, for, as you may know, exemplary heroism was the normal thing at that time; mere carrying out of duty was the exception. Where, I asked him, was the psychological spring? To my surprise, he answered that what deeply motivated each and every soldier was the memory of the Holocaust, and the feeling that *above all this must never happen again*. There had been an ominous similarity between the statements of Arab leaders, their radio, and newspapers, and the remembered threats of the Nazis: we had entered into a *Shoah* (holocaust) psychosis, all around us enemies threatening us with extermination and having both the means and the will to carry out their threat. As the ring closed in and help seemed far, one noticed one's neighbors who had been in Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen going about white-faced. It was all too obvious what was the source of their dread. The years in between had momentarily fallen away, and they were back in that veritable nightmare world. The dark night of the soul was upon us. *And it was the commandment which the Lord of history had, so to speak, pronounced at Auschwitz which saved us.* [Italics added.] I told my friend that I could not entirely accept his explanation because I knew that a majority of the soldiers had no personal or family recollections of the European Holocaust: they had come from North Africa or Yemen, or even the neighboring Arab countries where at that time such horrors were unknown. How could they feel the force of the analogy as could the survivors of Buchenwald? He told me that the intervening twenty years had brought it about that the Holocaust had become a collective experience pressing consciously and unconsciously on the minds of all, even the young, for whom Jewish history in the Diaspora had come to an end with the beginnings of Israeli independence.

It is solely because of this connection of the events of May and June with Auschwitz that a Jew must both tremble and rejoice. He must tremble lest he permit any light after Auschwitz to relieve the darkness of Auschwitz. He must rejoice, lest he add to the darkness of Auschwitz. Rejoicing after Auschwitz and because of Auschwitz, the Jew must be a Jew, *am Yisrael chai* ("the people Israel, alive"), a witness to the world, preparing a way for God.

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Charles Ives, American

Eric Salzman

THE MUSIC OF Charles Edward Ives has been "rediscovered" every decade since the 1920's. The present revival has reached such substantial proportions that it has now become possible to speak seriously of Ives as one of the major figures of the century, and not just as a musicological curiosity. Ives is performed in ordinary Lincoln-Center-type concerts and, almost alone among American composers, has a universally high reputation in Europe. (Even the USIA libraries have now heard of him and stock his music.) The Ives discography is now substantial and representative and includes first-rate performances by major artists and ensembles, well recorded on larger and smaller labels. This means that his music also gets out on the FM circuit and into music classrooms.

Contrary to the general impression, Ives was not unknown twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago. But the fact that he is beginning to be part of the awareness of a larger public is not without significance. That the musical establishment was never interested in Ives is hardly surprising (it is possible to read articles about the long neglect of Ives written by the same critics who once ignored him). More tragic was the neglect and disinterest of the intelligentsia and the artistic community which ought to have understood him and formed his natural audience. But then—music has always been a stepchild in American intellectual life.

Now Ives *is* finally getting through because what he had to say is again contemporary and relevant. As everyone knows, Ives wrote all of modern music before anyone else got around to it: free dissonance and atonality, twelve-tone, "serial" music, polytonality, quarter tones, tone clusters, chance and improvisation, block forms and free forms, multiple meters and multiple tempi, free spatial counterpoint, open form, improvisation, works-in-progress, pop and quote, collage and assemblage—in short just about every important idea of the last sixty years and some of the most notable of the last fifteen. But, for all the fuss, this is the least of it. Ives was the first important composer whose work stands essentially outside the received Western tradition; so far outside of it that—unlike Schoenberg or Stravinsky, for example—he did not have to overthrow and then labor mightily to rebuild. Ives never hesitated to use tradition; it permeates his work. Or, to put it another way, Ives was a composer in the tradition of which his own music was the only representative; European music is a part of that tradition but only a part—to be used or not used as needed.

Ives felt no compulsion to abandon tonality (or anything else) because he had never felt the force of that commitment in the first place. Nor did he regard art as a variety of historical necessity; he might have been the one who said "history is bunk." Ives would not understand or accept a dialectical view of the world because he did not believe in that kind of process or in those kinds of oppositions. Traditional tonal music, like the baroque culture out of which it grew, is strongly hierarchical and committed to process. But Ives could use end results of tonal tradition—hymn tunes, for example—without accepting the old hierarchies at all. Ives's music does not proceed—as does traditional music and some of its 20th-century descendants—by the conflict and resolution of opposites governed by some rigorous, pre-compositional assumption of selection and method. Ives turned away from narrative and hierarchical process. Tonal events, bits of Beethoven, hymn tunes, and band marches appear, not as parts of a process, but as musical objects, as kinds of experience. Ives's music is inclusive, not exclusive; inductive, not deductive; synthesizing, not analytic; additive, not developmental. Nothing in human experience was alien; like Whitman, Ives could contradict himself; he could contain multitudes.

These notions, particularly suited to expression in sound, are more heretical than they seem; they remain even now offensive to certain guardians of our culture—far more so than "avant-garde" technique *per se*. But all this is strikingly relevant today and, curiously enough, it is the new electronic culture of tape and the long-playing record that makes it so. The limits of aural experience have actually become (what Ives only imagined) the limits of perception. The entire

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domain of sound, including the entire musical expression of *homo sapiens* as it has been handed on to us is in theory available to, and is in fact fast becoming an ordinary part of, our environment. The Beatles, Telemann, electronic music, jazz, Gregorian chant, Rock 'n' Roll, African drumming, the complete works of Webern, Renaissance madrigals, Javanese gamelan, Bruckner symphonies, country music, Monteverdi operas, Indian ragas, Richard Rodgers, Latin-American rhythms, John Cage, old Russian folk songs, the music of Ives—all these and more are becoming or have already become shared, common experiences. This is something new in the history of the race; it makes the old romantic categories of "traditional" and "avant-garde" seem obsolete. In this respect Ives was profoundly prophetic and it is this development which provides the best explanation for his present success.

CHARLES IVES WAS born in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1874. His father, George Ives, was the leader of the Brigade Band of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery during the Civil War; afterwards, he came back to Danbury to settle down, teach music, and direct the town band. One must not underestimate the strength of local musical activity in the smaller American urban communities; the tradition of first-class local band and choral music persists to this day and is largely responsible for the present high estate of American musical accomplishment. But Ives, Sr. was something more than just a good local bandmaster; he was—in good Yankee style—a tinkerer, an experimenter. He would arrange his bandsmen around the town square with the main body of musicians pounding out the tune in the middle while other groups, perched on roofs, porches, and balconies above, would float down variations, embellishments, and refrains. He saw no reason to accept as eternal the traditional division of the octave into twelve tones, and he produced several contraptions—one with violin strings stretched across a clothes press, another using glasses and bells—tuned with other divisions of the octave (we would say in quarter- or micro-tones). He worked out something he called the "humanophone," which consisted of a group of singers each with his own note to be produced on demand, a way of achieving complex melodic lines with untrained singers and a curious anticipation of the "pointillism" of Webern. "Father had a kind of natural interest in sounds of every kind, known or unknown, 'measured as such' or not," Ives was quoted as saying by Henry Cowell. "Once when Father was asked: 'How can you stand it to hear old John Bell . . . bellow off-key. . .' his answer was: 'Old John is a supreme musician. . . . Don't pay too much attention to the sounds. If you do, you may miss the music. You won't get a heroic ride to Heaven on pretty little sounds!'"

Charles Ives grew up literally surrounded by music; or, one should say, musics—everything from camp-meeting hymn tunes to Bach and Beethoven played on the cornet and parlor organ. With his father, he studied piano, violin, cornet, sight-singing, harmony, and counterpoint, and he played the drum in the band. Some of this training was of the "stretch-the-ear" variety: George would have his son sing a tune in one key while he accompanied in another. But a good deal of the training was traditional and thorough. It's all right to experiment, the father would tell his son, if you know what you're doing.

At the age of eleven, Ives, Jr. began to study the organ; two years later he got a job as organist of the West Street Congregational Church; the following year he was at the First Baptist Church. (The Danbury *News* noted that he was the youngest organist in the state.) By this time he had long since begun arranging for the band and composing little songs as well as instrumental and organ pieces. In 1890, at the age of sixteen, he wrote a set of variations on *America* which he played in organ recitals in Danbury and Brewster, New York; the piece, which is peppered with outrageous wit and dissonance, is the earliest work of Ives still performed.

Ives's formal schooling was at Danbury Academy, Danbury High School, Hopkins Preparatory School in New Haven, and at Yale. He played football and baseball at all those schools and, by all accounts, he was good. A month after he entered Yale in 1894, his father died and he was left to his own resources. He immediately obtained the job of organist at Centre Church, one of the three early 19th-century buildings on the New Haven Green, and held the position until his graduation in 1898. Besides playing the organ, Ives conducted, played, composed, and arranged music for college shows and for the Hyperion Theater in New Haven; he also studied composition at Yale with Horatio Parker. Parker, one of the most important and respected figures of his day (he taught Roger Sessions, among others), was a respectable, thorough, and even moderately progressive academic. Ives's graduation piece for Parker was a First Symphony, a big late-romantic work in the Dvorak-Brahms idiom that dominated American music at the time. It is a thoroughly competent, traditional work, without innovations, but with qualities of invention that put it far above the routine productions of the day.

In 1898, after graduating from Yale, Ives decided to go into business. As in the remarkably similar case of Wallace Stevens, this decision has been much misunderstood. Yet it was, in part, a simple matter. Ives wanted to go on composing

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as he wished, and that was obviously impossible in the world of music in 1898. Here is what he said on the subject later on: "Assuming a man lives by himself and with no dependents, no one to feed but himself, and is willing to live as simply as Thoreau, he might write music that no one would play prettily, listen to, or buy. But—if he has a nice wife and some nice children, how can he let the children starve on his dissonance? . . . So he has to weaken (and if he is a man he *should* weaken for his children) but his music . . . more than weakens—it goes 'ta-ta' for money! Bad for him, bad for music!"

But there was more to it than that. A man does not write $500-million worth of insurance (some kind of world's record by all accounts) without being somewhat *engagé*. Nor can we assume that this was purely a question of profit. Ives believed passionately in insurance; it was, for him, an idealistic enterprise which helped promote the common good. Ives invented—literally—modern estate insurance and issued philosophical treatises on the subject which are still well known in the insurance business. (He also produced similar pamphlets on world federalism, on a theory of direct democracy, and on the desirability for limitations on personal property.) For Ives, going into business was, for one thing, a way of *not* going into an ivory tower, of *not* closing himself off in a rural, Thoreauian retreat. His prolific career as a composer coincides with his arrival in New York and the building up of his extraordinarily successful business. "The fabric of existence weaves itself whole," he wrote in his Yankee, Emersonian way. "You cannot set an art off in the corner and hope for it to have vitality, reality, and substance. There can be nothing exclusive about substantial art. It comes directly out of the heart of experience of life and thinking about life and living life. My work in music helped my business and my work in business helped my music."

IVES ARRIVED in New York in 1898 and took jobs as an actuarial clerk and as a church organist at the First Presbyterian Church in Bloomfield, New Jersey; later he moved to the Central Presbyterian Church, then located at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 57th Street across the street from Carnegie Hall and not far from the present site of his insurance company, now known as Mutual of New York. He seems to have done a little music of the music-hall and beer-garden variety and a great deal of serious composition. A brokerage partnership with Julian Myrick was launched in 1906, and in 1908 the two men became the agents for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, for which both had previously worked as clerks. In the latter year Ives married Harmony Twitchell, the daughter of a Hartford minister who was a close friend of Mark Twain.

The amount of music Ives produced in these years would be astonishing even for a composer who had nothing else to do but write music. The earlier works belong to the organist-choirmaster period: the polytonal *67th Psalm* and the *Harvest Home Chorales*. A cantata, *The Celestial Country*, was performed at the Central Presbyterian Church and noticed (favorably) by both the New York *Times* and the *Musical Courier*. Much of the organ music written for church performance was later metamorphosed into symphonic and chamber music. There were four more symphonies (Nos. 2, 3, and 4 and an unnumbered one called *Holidays*), four violin sonatas, three piano sonatas including the famous *Concord*, two string quartets, innumerable songs and piano pieces. Perhaps the most remarkable works of all are those for chamber ensemble, a medium virtually invented by Ives (although modeled on the theater orchestra of the day): *The Pond, Calcium Light Night, Central Park in the Dark, Hallowe'en, All the Way Around and Back, The Unanswered Question, In Re Con Moto et al, Theatre Orchestra Set, Tone Roads Nos. 1, 2, and 3, The Gong on the Hook and Ladder, Over the Pavements, Orchestral Sets Nos.* 1 (*Three Places in New England*) *and* 2. Some of these works were tried out—in one case at a rehearsal of the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch—almost invariably with disastrous results. Part of the Second Symphony was played at a concert of the Third Street Music School Settlement sometime before World War I, and one of the violin sonatas was played at Carnegie Recital Hall in 1917. Smaller pieces and songs were played privately. But that was all. There was one major performance that, tragically, did not take place. Gustav Mahler saw the score of the Third Symphony in New York in 1910 and told Ives that he would perform the work; but Mahler died the following year and nothing ever came of it. One understands why, in a strange and touching way, Mahler understood Ives. The Third Symphony is a hymn-tune symphony; it has none of the expected Ivesian experimentation but it is a kind of original extension of tradition which itself becomes a kind of commentary on that tradition. Mahler must have understood this right away; in a sense, he was himself doing something surprisingly similar, only, unlike Ives, from the inside not the outside. With Mahler's death, the Third Symphony had to wait until 1947 for its first performance.

Ives wrote little music after the American entry into World War I. Before then, music had poured out of him. Work after work was tossed off, sometimes prepared for private per-

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formance, more often stashed away at the bottom of the drawer. Then suddenly the creative flow was stopped. One month before the end of the war in 1918 he had a serious breakdown whose exact nature seems hard to determine; it is generally described as a physical illness and he never seems to have really recovered.

During his convalescence he collected 114 of his songs and published them privately. In addition he printed the *Concord Sonata* prefaced by "Essays Before a Sonata," his major verbal statement about life and art. These volumes, which are collectors' items today, were printed without copyright and circulated gratis; for many years you could get a copy simply by writing to the composer. "These prefatory essays," he wrote, "were written by the composer for those who can't stand his music—and the music for those who can't stand his essays; to those who can't stand either, the whole is respectfully dedicated."

As early as 1919, copies of Ives's music were thus in circulation, and one of them came to the attention of Henry Bellamann, Dean of the School of Fine Arts at Chicora College for Women in Columbia, South Carolina. Bellamann, who was later to make another reputation as a novelist and author of *King's Row*, wrote and lectured about music a good deal at the time. He persuaded a young pianist with the unlikely name of Lenore Purcell to learn the *Concord Sonata*, and the two of them embarked on a series of lecture-recitals, mostly in the South. A critic in New Orleans published his reactions under the headline, "A Terribly Hard Taste of Music."

Ives returned to his business and continued to write and work on his music but he never really got back on the composing track; the source had dried up. He could look back over an enormous mass of musical matter, much of it unsorted, and he spent a great deal of time in the ensuing years putting his musical affairs in order. This was by no means a simple matter. Much of the music was, in the first place, open-ended in its very conception and some of it reached definitive performable form only years after it was written. Thus, in a sense, Ives's later years were perhaps not as uncreative as has generally been thought. Out of the incredible repository of ideas barely dashed off in his youth, he began to issue actual works from his desk drawer and many of them began to find their way into sound. Ives would supply the stuff, without fee or royalty, to anyone who was interested. As his works began to be performed with some frequency, he agreed to accept musical earnings only on the condition that they be used to help new music and young composers. (It is a little-known fact that a number of talented younger Americans got their scholarship checks over the signature of Charles Ives.)

In the 20's and 30's, New York was the center of an important and remarkable musical "avant-garde"; along with Varèse, Cowell, Ruggles, Antheil, Riegger, Becker, Ruth Crawford, and others, Ives now began to turn up on new-music concerts. In 1925, the composer Hans Barth arranged a concert of quarter-tone music at Town Hall and three pieces by Ives were included. In 1926, the Pro Musica, one of several New York modern-music organizations, took a poll to find out what new music the community was interested in hearing and Ives's name turned up. The Fourth Symphony did not have its first "complete" performance until 1964, but two of its movements—the only two Ives ever prepared for performance—were conducted by Eugene Goosens at a Pro Musica concert in 1927 at Town Hall. Goosens is said to have sat up an entire night with a wet towel around his head, trying to figure out how to keep the orchestra together when everyone was playing in a different meter; and Ives had the entire percussion section over to his house to teach them the rhythms. The performance produced an uproar in the audience but a surprisingly sympathetic press (the reverse of what generally happens today). Lawrence Gilman wrote that it had "an irresistible veracity and strength—an uncorrupted sincerity." Olin Downes wrote: "There is 'kick' in the piece. . . . The thing is an extraordinary hodgepodge but something that lives and that vibrates with conviction is there. It is not possible to laugh this piece out of countenance. . . . There is something in this music: real vitality, real naiveté, and a superb self-respect."

In the early 1930's, Ives's music was included in orchestral concerts in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Havana, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Madrid, and Barcelona; the Vienna concert, entirely made up of far-out American music, was conducted by Anton Webern! In 1934 and 1935, a number of works were recorded, including the *67th Psalm* conducted by Lehman Engel for Columbia Records. In these decades a half dozen or more pianists tackled the extraordinary difficulties of the *Concord Sonata* (generally taking on one movement at a time), but the work did not really get across until January 1939, when John Kirkpatrick played it at Town Hall. The success was astonishingly great. Within a short time, Kirkpatrick repeated the piece at an all-Ives concert in the same hall, took it across the country and recorded it. Gilman called it "The greatest music composed by an American . . . music of breadth . . ."; Downes turned up at the second New York concert and gave it the somewhat reluctant seal of approval of the New York *Times*. At about the same time, Joseph Szigeti put the Fourth Violin Sonata in his repertoire and recorded it.

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The depression and the war years marked a strongly conservatizing period in American arts and in music in particular. Many of the experimental concerns of the previous decade and a half were sternly put aside. The music of Ives suffered from this—but not as much as that of, say, Varèse. Thus, after the war, the way was immediately open for yet another series of rediscoveries. In 1944-45, Evenings on the Roof in Los Angeles put on a series of concerts dedicated to the music of two seventy-year-old contemporaries: Arnold Schoenberg and Charles Ives. After Schoenberg's death in 1951, Mrs. Schoenberg mailed to Ives a copy of a note found among her husband's papers: "There is a great Man living in this Country—a composer. He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives."

In 1946, Ives was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. At about the same time, major works began appearing in practical editions, generally taken in hand by younger composers. Elliott Carter prepared *The Unanswered Question* and *Central Park in the Dark*; Lou Harrison edited and performed the Third Symphony which thereby earned a Pulitzer Prize and prompted the classic Ives remark: "Prizes are for boys. I'm grown up."

EVERYONE ELSE seemed to be growing up too; it became increasingly possible for Ives's music to be accepted on its own terms. To be sure, there was (and still is) considerable opposition. In spite of Schoenberg's remarks, certain Central European apostles of consistency and tradition remained unconvinced of Ives's importance. Even before his music was widely heard, the myth was abroad that Ives was a kind of Grandma Moses of music or, even worse, a nationalist composer—a combination of Smetana, Stephen Foster, and Sousa with wrong notes. But at least the music began to be heard. Henry and Sidney Cowell's book on Ives*—still the only major study of the composer and the source of most of our information about him—appeared just after his death in 1954. By this time a more-or-less systematic exploration of Ivesiana was well under way.

Ives had retired from business in 1930 but he continued to occupy his New York brownstone and was by no means totally cut off from musical and intellectual life. He went to concerts, revised, revamped, and otherwise tinkered with his music and played it often for friends. Elliott Carter, who knew him well (and still refers to him as "Mr. Ives"), writes about "the fuss that critics make about Ives's innovations" and goes on to point out that Ives himself preferred people to judge the music on what it was, not on when it was written. Carter wrote this in 1939, in reaction to what he called "the canonization" of Ives following the Kirkpatrick performances of the *Concord Sonata*; Carter asked for less mythology and more performances of the still little-known music. It has not been much noticed, but there is a definite influence of Ives on Carter's work; other examples of influence include musical personalities as disparate as Cowell, Henry Brant, Lou Harrison, and John Cage. The impact on the next generation here and abroad is still greater; for example, the influence of Ives has been accurately noted in my own work.

Carter and others have written about Ives's own, constantly changing performances of his music. Carter called the notated and published forms of the pieces "snapshots" of the way Ives played them at the time he wrote them down; in fact, different written versions of certain pieces do exist and often alternatives are given on the manuscript itself. This is not to be regarded as mere indecision on the composer's part. Ives actually expected the performer to add, alter, and re-create from the notation, which was, in many cases, meant only to be suggestive. In a note to the "Hawthorne" movement of the *Concord Sonata,* he wrote, "If the score itself, the preface, or an interest in Hawthorne suggest nothing, marks will only make things worse."

THIS CONCEPT of open-endedness—of material found in the environment which could then constantly undergo change and transformation—was the most surprising and upsetting of all of Ives's prophetic notions. To some degree, it could be said that Ives did not even "compose" music in the usual sense. In the accepted meaning of the term, "to compose music" involves a particular, definable moment in history with a particular creative individual possessed of method, inspiration, and "personality" expressed as "style." This does not really fit Ives; it was not in the nature of his experience or of what he considered he was doing. During his composing years, he poured out a continuous stream of musical expression, portions of which have coalesced—indeed are still coalescing—into individual scores. We can infer certain things: that he wanted a speaking kind of music, a music that could be jotted down without any delay between the birth of an idea and its notation, a music that could convey fresh impressions and thoughts with the naturalness of plain speech, that could somehow jump over the impenetrable barrier between art and life, not to "express" nature but to flow across as part of it.

We should not assume from this that Ives was

* *Charles Ives and His Music*, Oxford University Press, 1955.

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merely a primitive, a child of nature who had only an approximate idea of what he was after, whose conceptions were only vaguely formed and carelessly notated. From one point of view, there is an impossible idealism involved in the whole idea and genesis of Ives's music; but, at the same time, there is also an intensely practical, down-to-earth, even *gebrauchsmusik* quality—as if it were meant not for the artificial conditions of the conventional concert hall, but for some coming together of real people in a natural, meaningful relationship with one another, like the camp meetings of Ives's youth which are a recurring motif in his work. Ives always insisted that he wrote down nothing that was not possible and that everything could and should sound. He was sure about that; he had tried it all out with the band or the orchestras of the Hyperion Theater in New Haven or the Globe Theater in New York. Furthermore, he would add, his notations were all the simplest possible and most practical ones for what he wanted. He would, according to reliable witnesses, demonstrate this by sitting down at the piano and playing what he had written. Time and a new generation of performers have since proved it beyond a doubt.

Ives, then, was an anticipator and an innovator. But he was also much more than that. Indeed, it might be said that Ives's real originality lies in just the fact that he was not at all concerned with the problem of historical dialectic and change. He was not terribly interested in his reputation as an innovator, but rather constantly concerned with the scope of his musical activities and their relationship to the "real" world; it is just this that is still likely to embarrass and puzzle his commentators even today. Almost anything can turn up in Ives's music anywhere and at any time—and sometimes all at once; the contradictions and conflicts in his work —polyphonies made out of whole ways of life— are not meant to be resolved. In Ives, the statement and acceptance of the paradox itself is at once its meaning and its resolution.

MANY TEXTS of Ives can illustrate this very well. For example, one of the best-known and most "programmatic" of Ives's pieces, *The Unanswered Question*, combines contradictory elements on entirely separate planes without any overt attempt at reconciliation. There is a simple, widely-spaced chorale for strings which begins nowhere and ends nowhere. Against this is set a constantly reiterated rising, angular inflection on the trumpet (or it can be an English horn or oboe or clarinet) which occurs on a completely different rhythmic, spatial, and conceptual level. This phrase is answered each time—again without specific coordination—by an ensemble of flutes (possibly mixed with an oboe and/or a clarinet) which picks up the idea, tosses it around, and finishes in a terrible chromatic tangle. The trumpet (or English horn or oboe or clarinet) simply repeats its question unaltered and the string harmony-of-the-spheres fades out to infinity.

The point here is not merely that the piece, to our great satisfaction, uses polychronic and spatial techniques, tonality, and high-density chromaticism as well as structures that unfold through the flexible play of spatial arrangements and sound densities. Or that (to our faint discomfort) these musical ideas are baldly used to put across a vaguely philosophical notion: life's questions must, no matter how we tangle over them, remain unanswered. Nor is it enough to approach the piece on the level of an amusing and witty comment on the theme of "accepting the universe," although that is there too. Ives did in fact "accept the universe" and then turned that acceptance into a touching and poetic statement. But the way these elements come together to make an expressive form and experience is by no means merely equivalent to the verbalizations I have just given. Verbalization comes after the fact, just as actual, practical notation on a printed page comes after the fact. What is essential is the value of a poetic idea realized as human action or activity. This is so much the case that music like that of *The Unanswered Question* makes only a fraction of its true effect in a recording or broadcast; it needs the actual space of a full hall and the direct confrontation and interaction of performers and listeners.

This notion of music as an activity is central to Ives's work. It is a very American idea—almost a Puritan legacy. Americans are still basically suspicious of merely passive activity; they prefer to do. In this country today there are probably more people who play or sing in bands, orchestras, choruses, jazz groups, rock combos, chamber ensembles—or just alone at home—than in the rest of the world put together. We have far more performing talent than people who want to listen to it. Merely passive listening is not common in the United States; Americans who listen to music do so because they have some kind of commitment or involvement (cultural patronage, social snobbery, record collecting, hi-fi-philia). In spite of all his presumed impracticality, Ives thought of his music as a kind of active, performance-practice activity; he meant it largely as music to be performed, only secondarily to be listened to —and even then in an active, participating way. If a music was produced that was extraordinarily complex, that was just the natural result of many different kinds of musics, the conjunction of individual freedoms and free activities. Some listeners might hear certain things from one part of

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the hall or in a particular performance (depending, as a wag once said, on which way the wind is blowing); in another time and place, they might hear something else. Ives even seems to have had the idea that audiences might, at some points, sing along or that someone might jump up with a flute or a harmonica and join in. He wanted somehow to transform passive reception into positive involvement. This in itself could account for such things as the surprising appearances of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" in unlikely places; the arrangements of sound in space around an audience; the simultaneous uses of unrelated band tunes all carrying on at once; the odd, "off" harmonization of "Good Night Ladies" heard as it were through the wrong end of an aural telescope; the unabashed barn dances and corny hymn tunes; the quaint titles and picturesque philosophical notions; the intentional use of familiar and popular music—even "bad" music—to produce the shock of surprise or amused recognition and to represent the musical environment of the real, outer (as opposed to the inner, artificial, concert) world.

Ives disliked and distrusted the conventionalized rituals of public music-making. He wanted, with his incredible idealism, to get back to some underlying realities about the nature of human beings communicating immediate and almost tangible experiences, experiences of simplicity and complexity, naturalness and artificiality, contradiction and even incoherence. Yet he wrote music that was and is almost impossible to perform exactly as written. He wrote music in which every part is a separate, complex individual activity and he wrote music which is easy and banal. On the one hand, he was wildly visionary; one kind of music runs exaltedly or humorously on into the next, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that one performable piece can even be separated out from the rest in some kind of practical, usable state. On the other hand, there is a concrete reality to everything Ives wrote; the music is conceived as matter to be acted upon. Ives wanted performers to decipher illegible and complex new notations but he also wanted them to understand his ideas and ideals and act freely within them. He wanted to speak to those who understood yet he also thought that anyone could understand and, understanding, participate. He spent the last decades of his life planning and working on his grandest conception, the "Universal" Symphony, intended to be performed out of doors, not only by town bands around village greens, but by great choruses gathered in the fields and mountains—indeed by the whole human race. It was of course never written, nor was it ever meant to be.

For all his innovations, Ives was, after all, a kind of traditionalist too. The literary part of his tradition was, of course, Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson, and the transcendentalists. Ives set himself the rather curious task of composing out an entire music for his own tradition from one end to the other. "A man contains all that is needful to his government within himself," wrote Emerson. "There is a correspondence between the human soul and everything that exists in the world; more properly, everything that is known to man." Out of this intellectual tradition, out of the hymn tunes, band music, and ragtimes of his youth, out of the curious experiments of George Ives and the classical training of Horatio Parker, Ives found his basic materials; he actually composed a Dvorak symphony, fugues in four simultaneous keys as well as hymn tunes, ragtimes, and variety songs (which he printed with the information that they were not to be performed). Another starting point was the notion of personal freedom, of spontaneity and "natural" expression, of "natural" unmeasured sound, of complex atonal polyphonies, highly artificial and yet more real and more "natural" than the pure tonality of the tradition. These are the sources of the endless contradictions that seem to blur our image of Ives: the banality and the originality, the intermingling and intentional irresolution of opposites and irrelevancies, the complicated artifice and the intense realism, the open range of visionary possibilities and the extraordinary naturalness of the impossible, the sense of a music composed in a tradition of which it is the only representative, the "natural" anti-art art which encompasses an impossible vision of the totality of human experience expressed as a purely personal, even "eccentric" utterance. Ives was not a "phenomenon of nature" but he wanted to think of his music that way; he wanted to break down the distinction between man and nature, between art and life. In Ives's vision, art and life were to be part of the same fabric of existence "woven whole."

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The Conversion

A Story

Victor Perera

ONE SUNDAY EVENING, six weeks after his arrival in Málaga, Stanley invited his neighbor in the pension, a medical student named Luis, to share a bottle of wine. His long hours in the town library were estranging him from people and he felt the need to renew his social ties in Spain, meaning Luis. Luis in turn was seeking his advice on a delicate matter. At twenty-six he was four years older than Stanley, and although he had nearly completed his internship at the local hospital, his ignorance about sex was so acute it paled Stanley's to simple inexperience. Luis was obsessed with questions of *formalidad* and *propiedad* (his family was Aragonese); he admitted that night that he could amputate a gangrenous limb without flinching, but that he broke out in a cold sweat whenever his fiancée brushed his knee at the cinema. Stanley reacted tactfully to this curious admission, as if it were perfectly commonplace. His psychology courses taught him that "normal" and "abnormal" were relative terms after all, like "masculine" and "feminine," so there was no point raising a fuss. In private he concluded that Luis's was a classic case of arrested development.

Encouraged by Stanley's indulgence Luis visited his room regularly. He seemed to be under a constraint to bare all, to abase himself by parading his inadequacies. He admitted he had never kissed Adelita on the mouth (they had been engaged seven years), and fretted constantly—but without visible anguish—about his virility, and whether he had the *cojones* to make her a proper husband. With each visit Luis's revelations multiplied, his descriptions became zealously graphic and lurid, until they impressed Stanley more like bragging than abject confession.

"She's a panther," he would whisper, his eyes distended with awe. "A real tigress. I am convinced gypsy blood flows in her veins."

He had seen Luis with Adelita only once, during a Sunday-afternoon promenade in the park. She was tall, milk-complexioned, and handsomely plump; nothing in her public face or manner hinted of the gypsy panther lurking within. Her father, a prosperous button manufacturer, had promised to set up his son-in-law in private practice by way of a dowry. The afternoon he saw them Luis was leading her stiffly by the elbow, an arm's length behind and to her right. His rigid carriage and grim expression suggested a bailiff escorting a criminal to the gallows.

On the following Sunday Luis doubled Stanley's circle of acquaintances by introducing him to the Minor Canon of Málaga. Father Francisco Bandeña was a small asthenic Sevillian of about thirty-five who seemed locked in mortal struggle with the collar of his oversize cassock, which threatened to swallow him. Behind steel-rimmed spectacles the canon's face had a dusky pallor. He extended Stanley a limp white hand and said he knew of him from the town librarian, who had observed him poring over dusty tomes day after day.

"The librarian concluded you must be either a Jesuit in secular garb or a saint," the canon said, with a tinny, mirthless chuckle. His voice was pitched distractingly high to begin with, and achieved a castrato screech in the upper registers.

Stanley explained he was only a university student from New York, and that he was in Spain to write his Master's thesis on Byzantine conventions in Cervantes.

"Qué providencia!" the canon burst out, clapping his hands. "An intellectual. What singular fortune that you should appear among us at this season. . . . Am I mistaken?"

Uncertain what to make of this, Stanley nodded first, then shook his head.

"You cannot conceive how famished, how desperate for intellectual converse one becomes in this remote province. I am, you see, Sevillano by birth, although I have been ordained by fate—and my superiors—to renounce ten years of my life in this thankless parish. . . .Is it not thus?"

"Why yes," Stanley said, startled. "Since you say so."

"Thank you. Thank you." The canon's chalky face suffused with gratitude. "What a rare, what a peregrine joy to discourse with another person of discernment. And I must say you speak our language with familiarity. I had despaired of finding someone like you again. Malagueños, you

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see, are docile sheep, living off their own lard. They are so satisfied with themselves, so complacent in their ignorance of the world beyond their appetites and infirmities. . . . Don't you agree? In Sevilla, I can assure you, it was not thus. We Sevillanos are not so material. We are not so enslaved by mundane desires. Over here all my parishioners require morning and night, night and morning, is frequent benedictions, and my ear to insult with impertinent boasts when the Father Confessor is away. Principally they ask of me what they do of an ordinary priest: choice nuggets of advice on how to rid themselves of the gout, how to cure their goats of the mange, how to marry off their unfortunate daughters, and to whom. . . . In Sevilla, as I say—" he waved his cassock sleeve oratorically—"In Sevilla the canonical life is more intimate, more dignified, and more enlivening. What I mean to say is, we Sevillanos are more inclined to the spiritual life, toward 'sweetness and light' as one of your excellent poets phrased it. Is it not so?"

Stanley nodded, and the canon's face mottled red and pink, like a baby's diaper rash.

"Have you been to Sevilla, by the way? Not yet? Oh you should, you should go there at the first opportunity. Sevilla is a pearl of a city, I assure you, a pearl without rival. . . . Do I ramble?"

"Not at all," Stanley said, dutifully. He was catching on to Father Bandeña's quirks.

"Tell me, Estanley, did my ears deceive me when friend Luis introduced us? Did he give your name as Bendana?"

"Yes he did. Stanley Bendana."

"But, how extraordinary." He clasped his hands. "Are you aware, Estanley, that save for an inconsequential *tilde* and a mischievous transposition of vowels, you and I might be brothers?"

Stanley's blanch went unnoticed.

"How did you come by that name, if I may ask?"

"From my father."

Father Bandeña whinnied at the unintended witticism.

"What I mean is, my father was of Spanish descent. His family lived in Toledo."

"Catholic, of course," the canon said, and skipped on to something else. Stanley's hopes that he might be someone to confide in dimmed.

"My mother, however, is Episcopalian," he wedged in, thus compounding a mild sin of omission into two outright lies: both his parents, in fact, were Spanish Jews—Sephardim—and had emigrated to the States from Jerusalem.

Contrary to expectation the deception only fanned Father Bandeña's interest in him, and he was inveigled into a series of peripatetic "dialogues" on subjects near to the canon's heart. Foremost among them was "the Apostolic Mission of Converting the Infidel."

THE CANON CALLED for him on Saturday afternoon and they took a stroll in the cool meditative shade of the park. After stopping for coffee at the foot of the bull plaza they climbed straight up the hillside to the Alcazaba, the 14th-century Moorish palace that overlooks the city. Its citadel was farther up the slope, on the brow of Gibralfaro.

For the first hour Father Bandeña talked of the humdrum chores that fell to his lot as cathedral canon, and bewailed the disruption of "the theological and evangelical" functions of his office. He regarded himself as "progressive" and liked to be identified with the liberal viewpoints (by Spanish standards) of Bishop Herrera, whom he assisted in some mysterious fashion. He was quick to criticize Franco's economic policies, both domestic and foreign, and to deplore his knuckling under to American capital. The U.S. Army bases in Spain, he said, were a slap in the face of national sovereignty. He described Franco as a temporary stop-gap, and his regime as a transitional phase into a dynamic new chapter of Spanish history.

"Franquismo, Estanley, is a necessary evil, a poultice on the bleeding wound that Spain was after the war. But now the wound is almost healed and the poultice is still there. The scab has begun to itch—it cannot stay on much longer."

But then he rambled for over two hours about the grave dangers posed to the forthcoming Vatican Council session by the "radical" prelates of the New World—men like Cardinals Léger of Quebec and Ritter of St. Louis, whom he accused of plotting to subvert Catholic unity by granting "untimely concessions" to the "recalcitrant" Greek Orthodox Church, as well as to Protestants, Islam, and the Jews.

"You understand, friend Estanley—I may call you friend, may I not?—that I do not implicate your Episcopalian mother in this conspiracy." He emitted his tinny chuckle to signal frivolity. "Your esteemed mother, I have no doubt, is an attentive and loyal spouse, respectful of her husband's religious precepts—and of her son's, of course, for I presume you have been raised a Catholic, have you not?"

They walked a few paces in silence, as Stanley communed with his conscience. They reached the foot of the parapet and trudged up to the battlements.

"Tell me, friend Estanley, has your mother given any thought to conversion? I ask only for the sake of family unity."

The crisis passed. "Do you mean," he replied, dipping into his ethnic treasury, "that the family that prays together stays together?"

"Yes, precisely. You have phrased it well. Believe me, I have only your own best interests at heart. . . . And while we're on the subject, why

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is it, esteemed Estanley, you have not attended Communion?"

DURING THE FOLLOWING two sessions Stanley remained a passive party to the canon's interminable "dialogues," which ranged, higgledy-piggledy, from the most abstruse theological issues of the day to "the New Prosperity" and its threat to what he called Spanish *casticismo* or cultural purity. He was not aware at the time that the canon was himself a notorious beneficiary of this New Prosperity.

While on a long tramp in the countryside a month later, his companion pointed to a large hilltop villa which he said was Father Bandeña's *casa de campo*.

The insurrection came on their fourth meeting. They were walking in the park, under a canopy of plane trees that filtered the glare from the sun and resolved it into yellow dancing spangles upon the pavement. It was a mellow afternoon in mid-March, the first of the new season, when the fragrance of orange blossoms drifts in the air thick as wine. Immune to his surroundings, the canon vigorously denounced the Vatican Council resolution to absolve Jews from special complicity in the crucifixion of Christ.

"This proposed resolution, Estanley, is a pernicious heresy—a cancer that would propagate evil precedents and destroy the highest traditions of the Church. . . ." This time Stanley did not nod his head mechanically to his "Isn't it thus?"

"But has it not occurred to you, Father Bandeña, that holding the Jews specifically responsible for the murder of Christ, as the Church has been doing for two thousand years, goes against a basic Christian tenet, namely, that all men are equally accountable for His death, and that only by admitting responsibility can one begin to work for redemption?"

The canon stopped in his tracks, momentarily speechless. He peered at Stanley over the rims of his spectacles as if he were focussing on him for the first time. His face turned waxen, and he seemed smaller and more forlorn than ever in his outsize soutane. "Why, why that is certainly an original objection, I must say." He coughed feebly to clear his throat and marched ahead with hands locked behind. The confident bounce had gone from his step.

Stanley's outburst altered their relationship, but not in the direction he anticipated. While the canon was more circumspect thereafter, and kept a firmer rein on his less "progressive" opinions, his interest in Stanley did not lessen on that account. The following week he began showing up at the pension on Tuesday evenings, after Vespers, as well as Saturday afternoons.

AT FIRST Stanley managed to put off the visits with some excuse, but always at a price. Twice he complained of stomach upsets, and had to turn down most of his dinner in Luis's presence to make it stick. When he pleaded a headache instead, he had to stay in his room all evening and dispose of the camomile tea and homeopathic powders the canon had delivered to him via the chambermaid. If he sneaked out to a movie on Saturday afternoon, he had to return by a circuitous route for fear of being seen by one of the canon's spies. He could have put an end to these evasions by standing up to the canon and calling off the fruitless catechizing. But the truth is his curiosity had been aroused. He suspected Father Bandeña of ulterior motives in pursuing his friendship and his headlong dedication to this pursuit intrigued him.

His suspicions were confirmed in part on a subsequent Saturday, when he agreed to accompany the canon to a fishing village where he had, he said, a small business to attend to. (Contraband? Stanley wondered.)

"We will be by ourselves there, Estanley, away from the prying eyes of my parishioners. We will converse openly, man to man, as God intended us to. . . .Don't you agree?"

The "small business" turned out to be a special mass he was celebrating in the village church to its patron saint, one of the fisher apostles. Stanley watched the ceremony from a window of the limestone chapel, over which clouds of incense and the reek of sardines battled for possession. When the canon beckoned the front row of worshippers to kneel and receive the Host, Stanley turned away and squeezed his eyes shut, as if from a hypodermic needle.

Afterward they strolled along the craggy seashore, picking their way among the idle dories and nets. Father Bandeña opened the dialogue with a flowery tribute to the Utopian Quest in Western Literature, a topic, as it happened, Stanley knew something about.

"The Utopia, friend Estanley, has always exerted on me a singular fascination. One might even say—might one not?—that it is a pet project of mine, a secret ideal, expressing as it does the noblest aspirations of Man." He praised the "pious Latin author" Thomas More, and commented on his *Utopia* as if it had burst into print just the other day; like most Spaniards', his sense of chronology was intensely private. Stanley's ears perked up when he dragged in Spain's Holy Inquisition as "the symbol and pure expression of the Utopian Quest in modern history."

"Ah friend Estanley, there, there was a vision, an illuminating contrast—wouldn't you say?—to the sorry decline of religious feeling in this cen-

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tury." He waved his cassock sleeves as his voice fluted with emotion. "The fathers of the Inquisition—Fray Alonso de Spina, Fray Alonso de Hojeda, Thomas de Torquemada—those were men of faith, unshakable pillars of the immortal church! These men were guided by the most exalted of Utopian aspirations, Saint Augustine's vision of the City of God! Is it not so, friend Estanley? The *autos-da-fé*, austere as they might seem to untutored eyes, were sanctioned by the Holy Office's ideal of establishing on Spanish soil a pure and homogeneous Christian entity: Our Lord Jesus Christ's promised Heavenly Kingdom on Earth. Estanley, tell me, tell me truly from the depth of your being, do you not see *It*, do you not rejoice in *It*, as I do?" He raised his spindly arms to the heavens, his cheeks aflame with The Vision until a qualm brushed them, and snuffed It out. The arms sank. . . ."Is it not thus?"

The opening was too good to resist, and Stanley jumped in with both feet. "But Father Bandeña, you are ignoring historical fact. I certainly do not agree that Torquemada's motives were all that 'Utopian' as you claim. I don't think Utopianism had a thing to do with it. And I must say I find your concern with religious and racial purity a little out of date. I've also done some reading on the Inquisition, if I may say so, and I can assure you that most reputable modern historians, including Catholic ones, assign political and economic motives—such as the replenishing of the Holy Office's and Isabella's coffers—for the establishment of the Inquisition. These same authorities, and I personally agree with them one hundred per cent, will tell you that the burning of relapsed converts and the extirpation of a rich Hebraic culture was a very stiff price to pay for the Catholic Utopia Torquemada envisioned, a Utopia which was never, in plain fact, achieved."

Father Bandeña listened in grave silence to Stanley's rebuttal. When it was over he smiled, and a scarlet blossom spread to the rim of his collar. "And can it be, esteemed Estanley, is it possible that you yourself have Israelite blood in your veins?"

STANLEY'S JAW dropped. He had fallen neatly into the canon's snare. Recovering quickly he mumbled "only a fraction, Father, on my grandmother's side," and lowered his eyes in sham contrition. He would not give him the satisfaction of a full confession, not while the flush of triumph glowed scarlet on his face, like a hemorrhage.

"Aaah friend Estanley—I may still call you friend, may I not—I feel once again, as on the day we first met, that you have been sent among us for a very special purpose, the fruition of which, so to speak, will shower untold blessings on both of us. For you see, I too have for some time harbored the intuition—rather I should say, the conviction—of a Hebraic taint in my ancestry. Specifically, I should add, in my mother. Does it startle you?"

He indicated that it did.

"You see, Estanley, I had noticed even as a child my mother's curious habit of lighting candles on Friday evenings and leaving them to burn all night long. I questioned her about it one day in all innocence (I was barely eight or nine) but she could give no coherent explanation. She said it was a practice she had acquired from her grandmother and carried on for no particular reason, except that it gave her comfort. Some time later I discovered that she disliked pork and had never tasted bacon before her marriage. I was in my adolescence a voracious reader, brimming with intellectual curiosity. My studies in the seminary of books pertaining to Marrano culture stirred in my mind dark forebodings regarding the purity of my lineage. Nonetheless I made a strict vow to keep these suspicions to myself so long as she lived. My mother died, you see, with her face turned to the wall, in the Israelite custom, a circumstance that caused me months of anguished apprehension for her immortal soul." He turned to Stanley a drawn, discolored countenance. "Do I ramble?"

"Not at all. Please go on."

"You are kind, Estanley, to bear so patiently with me. After my ordination I carried out discreet inquiries into my mother's past, and learned that her paternal grandmother had been born in Calle de las Sierpes, in the heart of the old Jewish quarter of Sevilla. Her family had owned that house for uncounted generations, as far back as the record could trace."

"Extraordinary."

"And so you see, Estanley, we are related by ties more binding than the anagrammatic coincidence in our names, are we not?"

"Yes," he said, experiencing the first twinges of remorse. "I suppose we are."

"But you know, surprising as this may sound, with the passage of years my impure heritage becomes a source of secret pride—do I make sense? For I feel it has apportioned me, whatever the expense in self-esteem, a certain . . . . How shall I say it?" He clasped his hands to his lips. ". . . An expansiveness of spirit, an unrest, a thirst for knowledge coupled with intellectual adventurousness that I do not perceive in my Old Christian colleagues. In short, Estanley, those very qualities I have recognized in you . . . . Do I make myself clear?"

"I think so, Father."

"Aaah my kinsman, my blood brother, I foresee at last, after ten years of exile in this thankless parish, that my prayers for a spiritual labor commensurate with my humble office have been heard

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. . . . Do you follow my drift?" Before he could reply the canon grasped his shoulders and crushed him in a stifling embrace. So trenchant was the exhalation from his cassock, Stanley held his breath until he let go.

ON THE RETURN journey the labor of reclamation was launched, not only for the tainted fraction of Stanley's soul but for all of it, every atom. The canon boxed him in a window seat and listed from memory famous physicians, artists, royal counselors, philosophers, and bishops who had been converts from Judaism, or descendants of converts. Stanley knew of many of them from his father, who had been fond of recounting their histories as ultimate examples of Jewish enterprise and adaptability. Names like Solomon Levi, the 16th-century Toledan rabbi who changed his name to Pablo de Santa Maria and rose within a few years of conversion to the Bishopry of Burgos, had long ago passed into Sephardic annals as wry footnotes to the Expulsion.

"Yes, Father, I am familiar with his case. Two of his sons, if I remember correctly, also rose to be bishops."

"Why so they did Estanley. How did you know that?"

"And now I think of it, wasn't Málaga's first bishop, after it was liberated from the Moors, also a Jew?"

The canon grew solemn. "Now you are pulling my leg a little, are you not?"

"Why no Father, it's true. I read it in a book on Marranos. His name, I recall, was Pedro de Toledo, and he was a convert."

"Well, perhaps. Why not? It's entirely possible."

"By converting, you see, many Jews obtained entry to choice professions that were otherwise barred to them; they were able to improve what sociologists call their 'vertical mobility.' " Now that he had started, he could not resist twitting the canon. "The most ambitious of the Jews, like Solomon Levi, made the most of their opportunities and rose to the top, don't you agree? . . . Of course, they all had a Distinguished Precedent."

In reply, Father Bandeña dipped inside his cassock and fished out a sheaf of papers, which he presented to Stanley with a courtly flourish. "Promise me you'll read these, Estanley. They are a distillation of many centuries of agonized thought on this question."

He leafed through them quickly, perusing the titles. There were eighteen pamphlets and sermons, composed in dialogue form, dealing with the latter-day conversion of the Jews. All of them bore the canon's spidery signature at the bottom. He thanked him for the pamphlets and promised to read them that very night. The eagerness in his voice was no affectation. He had grown enamored of his own conversion.

ON TUESDAY EVENING the canon showed up with a stack of books from his private collection. Stanley accepted them gracefully and returned the pamphlets without comment, to spare his feelings. He had chuckled for two nights over their specious logic, which had to be shored up, like a shaky pulpit, with promises of Celestial Reward at one end and the threat of hellfire and damnation at the other.

"Be frank, Estanley, did they make no impression on you?"

"Truthfully, Father, I felt the arguments lacked persuasion. The dialectical style, however, I found lucid and precise, as in your conversation."

The canon's face mottled. His literary vanity, if not his missionary zeal, had been appeased. "I am grateful for your candid remarks, Estanley. They are eminently just, as one would expect from a person of your discernment. I am pleased to note as well that we have begun to make headway in our labors, have we not?"

He browsed that night through five of the seven books, and found them uneven in literary merit but drearily uniform—and predictable—in content. All were detailed confessions rendered in an "as told to" format (with a hieratic ghost-writer, he supposed) by contemporary Jewish converts to the Church. They fell into two categories: those who converted on the heels of a spiritual and/or moral upheaval, and those whose enlightenment was attended by supernatural signs or by divine intercession. In the latter category there was the case of a Milanese shyster lawyer who embraced the True Faith after the Archangel Raphael, blazing sword held high, summoned him to repent for having fleeced a simple laborer of his life's savings. A Hamburg philosophy professor turns to the Cross when a student persuades him, by an inspired application of Hegelian logic, of the divinity of Christ. In the most original account a young Viennese widow and her daughter survive a howling storm that overtakes their ship in the Indian Ocean. She attributes their miraculous escape to a lame Maryknoll priest who orders them to kneel on the deck beside him, as the wind and waves lash about their heads, and pray for deliverance to Lord Jesus Christ. In a brief postscript the now baptized widow and her daughter accompany their limping savior to Sarawak, where they devote their lives to converting savages.

He returned the books at the end of their next session and assured the canon that he had been deeply moved by the accounts but that he could not in all conscience repudiate the faith of his grandmother unless, like the authors of these confessions, he was given some tangible Sign that this loyalty was misplaced.

Father Bandeña's face drained, turned the pitted texture of bread mold. For an instant Stanley feared he had gone too far and driven him to the

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verge of a swoon. By degrees his consumptive glow returned, and he nodded gravely. If he was on to Stanley, he gave no indication of it. "Yes yes yes." He marched ahead, coupling his hands in back. "I fully sympathize, Estanley, with the delicacy of your position, and with the ehh—spiritual turbulence it must cause you to make a firm, clear, and irrevocable commitment to Christ Our Lord. Is it not thus? But I think you may soon discover that you have traveled so far on the path to redemption that these questions no longer distress you, and you will have lost all desire to look behind. Your esteemed grandmother, from your reports, must be a noble and understanding woman (do I equivocate?), and I feel certain she would not have stood in your way." He smiled, unclasped his hands, and stroked them like pistons. "As to the Sign you mentioned, ah dear Estanley, there I speak with transcendent authority when I confide to you that It is near at hand." He rolled his eyes heavenward. "Its promise hovers over us this very moment, a brightly plumed Messenger. Listen, listen closely, do you not hear the soft flutter of Its wings?"

To his horror, Stanley caught himself listening. The canon's face glowed crazily as he waited in frozen suspension, with one hand cupped to his ear. Was he mad? Stanley couldn't tell. He had lost sight of all rational criteria for sanity. He recoiled into himself in fear and confusion, but could find no foothold anywhere. Against this sort of demonstration his intellectual arsenal was powerless. Near panic he turned and fled from the park, leaving Father Bandeña on tiptoe, with an ear cocked to the empty blue sky, like a piece of rococo statuary.

He avoided the canon's visits in the next few days, and gave the cathedral a wide berth on his way to and from the library. He steered clear of the park, the Alameda, and all other places where he was likely to encounter him. In the mornings he left the pension after breakfast, and he seldom got in before ten at night. The only person he spoke to was Luis, who dropped in religiously once a week, after Sunday Mass, for his Trappist exercises in self-abasement.

After two weeks of skulking and dodging he sent Father Bandeña a short note through Luis. He had decided to meet with him one last time and have it all out. His work was going well at the library after a month-long slump, and his confidence returned. He felt, besides, that the balance had swung back in his favor. The longer he mulled over their last session the more his confusion turned to simple pique at having been so easily duped. He understood now that the canon's motives had been neither selfless nor pure. He hoped to exorcize the fractional Jew from himself by reclaiming the fractional Jew in Stanley, a crude piece of evangelical algebra which would reap absolution for himself and only incidentally for Stanley.

Late Saturday afternoon they met under the archway of the Alcazaba and ascended to the battlements just as the sun slipped behind the cathedral belltower. Spokes of copper light sheared the tops of the cypresses and burnished the pocked mortar of the citadel, but the rest of Málaga below, except for the harbor, was steeped in shadow. Overhead the sea breezes were heavy with the scent of thyme from neighboring hills, of jasmine and orange blossom from the gardens below. As they strolled along the ramparts Stanley confessed to the canon that he was one-hundred per cent Jew, that he was descended on both sides of his family from an ancient line of Sephardic rabbis, the Abendanas of Toledo, who had been widely known in and out of Spain long before the Expulsion. He admitted that a forebear of his, Rabbi Israel Abendana, had succumbed to the mass baptisms that followed the Jewish massacres of 1388; two hundred years later a number of the rabbi's descendants were unmasked by the Inquisition as secret Jews, Marranos, and had to be "Reconciled" to the church in an *auto-da-fé*. But the main trunk of the Abendanas, he was quick to point out, clung to their faith through the worst persecutions and were exiled to Lisbon, with many thousands of other professed Jews, in 1492. From Lisbon the Abendanas had migrated to Salonika, and from there to Istanbul, Beirut, Alexandria. After three centuries of wandering they had finally settled in the Holy Land, where the bulk of his family still lived. The "A" in the name had been dropped en route, no one knew where or when—or even why. As for "Stanley," it was an Anglicized version of his grandfather's name, "Etan," which means fortitude in Hebrew. He paused here for the canon's reaction, but there was none, so he brought the chronicle up to date with his father's return to Israel after thirty years in the New World as a textiles exporter, and his death in Jerusalem two years earlier. He paused again but Father Bandeña stared at the ground, lost in thought. Hesitantly Stanley apologized for having misled him about his religion, since he had not for one moment entertained in his head the possibility of conversion. He had merely wanted to expose himself to its temptations as a kind of—his voice caught—as a kind of test.

"As a *test* you say?" The canon's falsetto scraped at his nerves, like a clawed blackboard.

"Well yes, don't you see? I wanted to subject myself to the sort of ordeal they had to face . . . ." But this sounded perverse to his own ears, though there was truth in it. "To—to—to feel what it was like," he stammered.

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"Are you sure, Estanley? Quite sure? Be candid with me. Is this all?"

"Yes yes. I'm sorry if I misled you, Father, but it's true. It was my only reason." In his eagerness to dignify his conduct with a higher motive he revealed a pledge he had made at his father's deathbed to take up biblical studies for one year. "My father hoped, you see, that close study of the Bible and the Talmud would awaken a latent instinct and induce me, perhaps, to pursue a rabbinical career later on. I suppose, too, that he hoped to compensate in some way for having broken from the religious traditions of his fathers, for having sullied them with—"

"Usury and trade!" supplied the canon, exultant. "Usury and trade! Yes yes yes, Estanley, I understand perfectly. And you have not fulfilled to this day, am I misled—the pledge you made to your father?"

"That's true, but—"

"And this remissness on your part has caused you, has it not—increasing oppression of spirit and remorse? Am I mistaken?"

"No, it's true."

"And is it not possible, brother Estanley, that this very oppression of spirit, and this very remorse has drawn you, without your even suspecting it, perhaps, to seek penitential absolution in the Holy Church? Search your heart, Estanley, I will help you!"

He bit his tongue instead, for a loudmouthed imbecile. But he would not be rattled again by the canon's histrionics.

"Aaah brother Estanley, what a comfort it is to see our mutual labors bearing fruit at last! These past days, I must confess, I suffered fleeting qualms over your reluctance to open your heart to me. But these misgivings have now been laid to rest. For you see, I have known the truth for some time."

"The truth?"

"Of your Israelite parentage."

"But how—if I may ask, Father, I had told no one . . . ."

"Aaah Estanley, the recourses of the Omnipotent are more plentiful than you perhaps supposed. You are not, in the first place, a very accomplished liar. Is it not thus? When I surprised you the other day with my query about your origins, I perceived that your—shall we say your *amour propre* had been stung by the accuracy of my divination. That is why, no doubt, you tried to discredit it by donning a new mask—the identity, so to speak, of a religious *mestizo*. Do I equivocate?"

"No Father. What you say is true. I admit I behaved boorishly. I regret particularly any offense to your intelligence." His contrition this time was genuine.

The canon placed his hands on Stanley's shoulders just as a bat or swallow swooped past his ear. Dusk had fallen, and the sky teemed with winged creatures dipping and diving after insects. "This moment, brother Estanley, may prove to be an occasion . . . of . . . the utmost . . . consequence to us both for it—for it augurs . . . ." Another bat or swallow buzzed the canon's head, narrowly missing his spectacles. "Are you listening to me, Estanley? I too must unlock my heart! Why do you cringe from me so?" The circling bats (for that's what they were) had grown so thick they forced even the canon to seek cover with Stanley in one of the conical turrets jutting from the parapet.

"HEAR ME, o kinsman! (we are kinsmen, are we not?) I too have a confession!" The canon's tremolo echoed hollowly in the tiny turret, which had only two narrow slits for ventilation. Stanley was made aware, inescapably, of the sour odor given off by Father Bandeña's cassock in moments of excitement. "Do you remember, Estanley, the afternoon we discussed the Vatican Resolution on the Jews? It was, I believe, on our third session. We were in the park. . . ."

"Yes, I remember."

"When you voiced such strong objection to my views—do you recall, Estanley—the energy of your rebuff frankly astounded me. There was something, too, in the way you phrased your disagreement, an almost irreverent detachment, that provoked my suspicions. Am I understood?"

"I think so," Stanley said, not at all certain that he was.

"You must remember that, Estanley. It is indispensable." At that moment their knees bumped and Stanley tensed himself to leap out of the turret. It was so dark now he could not see the canon and he was prepared, in any case, for just about anything. But it was accidental.

"Why did you jump so, Estanley? You gave me a start."

"I'm sorry, Father. Something sharp—a stone I think—jabbed my back. We're rather crowded in here."

"Have patience. The air will clear soon. The bats return to their lairs when dark sets in."

"I am patient, Father, but these quarters are rather cramped."

"They are, it's true. The Moorish sentries must not have been overly fat." A mirthful squeak escaped the canon and seeped harmlessly out the peepholes into the night.

"You were saying, Father."

"I was saying, my kinsman, that a suspicion lodged in my mind at that time, a suspicion that grew alarmingly during our subsequent conversations until it became a veritable obsession, a monomania. You must bear that in mind, Estanley, as you hear what I have to say. You must not judge me too harshly. . . ." Father Bandeña shifted positions and Stanley had another whiff

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of the sulphurous fumes. "This suspicion, as I say, continued to swell inside me, hour by hour, day by day (were you aware of it?) until I found myself dissecting everything you said, and giving your words three or four meanings . . . . Do I make sense?"

A black object fluttered into the turret, and was joined immediately by several others; they set up a chorus of piercing cheeps that sounded, astonishingly, not unlike the canon's chuckles. Stanley protected his hair with both arms.

"Excellent, excellent. The bats have done feeding and are roosting for the night. Come along, Estanley. We can go out now."

The air outside was clear and fresh. The Levantine breezes had stiffened and dispersed the offensive smells. It occurred to Stanley with a pang that bat excrement and not Father Bandeña's cassock may have been to blame.

" . . . Finally, as a last resort, I enlisted the aid of friend Luis."

"Luis!"

"Yes. You see, Estanley, it had become imperative for my peace of mind to ascertain if there was substance to my imaginings. As I already mentioned—did I not?—I had become like one possessed." He whipped out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "Before our customary walk one Saturday afternoon I took Luis aside and hinted to him—with utmost discretion, of course—that he might keep an eye peeled next time he visited in your room and report to me anything of an —of an unexpected character that he might see there . . . . Do you follow my drift?"

He suppressed an impulse to giggle. "Father, I'm not sure I do follow. I have no idea what 'anything of an unexpected character' means."

Father Bandeña held up one hand, mopping his face with the other. "Have patience, Estanley. I will explain." The source this time was unmistakable. And it was not so much an organic smell as the malodorous breath of decay. "I knew that Luis had access to your chambers by reason of his—how shall I say it—of the carnal intimacies you had exchanged with him, had you not? And since, as I say, this implacable suspicion had wormed itself into my soul (keep that in mind, my kinsman), I encouraged him to extend his confidences in the hope that you might, in a spirit of reciprocity, divulge something to remove this cancer for once and all. Does it make sense?"

"Am I to understand that Luis's stories about himself and his fiancée were only a pretext?"

"No no, of course not. Do not misapprehend me. His confidences to you were perfectly sincere and he derived—I do not doubt it—priceless comfort from your—em—brotherly counsel and understanding. It was simply that these confidences happened to serve, in a manner of speaking, a coincidental objective. You see, Luis by this time was as obsessed to know your origins as I was . . . . Is this clear?"

"It's beginning to be. And how did he find out?"

"The following Sunday . . . ." The canon paused to mop his brow. They leaned over the east wall of the citadel, which looked down on the twin strand of lights that outline the harbor. Although he could no longer make out Father Bandeña's face, he sensed its tautness. ". . . When he visited you that morning, you had just taken a bath. As you were dressing, he remarked that you were circumcized."

"Circum—well, I'll be—" He braced himself on the parapet. "Good God, Father, what century are you living in?"

The canon appeared, dimly, to smile. "Speak Christian, Estanley. You know I do not understand English."

" 'Speak Christian,' he says. Don't you know, Father, that circumcision is now practiced in the civilized world as a routine sanitary measure? Why ninety-five per cent of Americans, I would safely guess, are circumcized at birth as a matter of course." He realized he was still speaking English, not "Christian," and that the canon probably hadn't understood a word. "*Quiero decir*—"

"I think I caught the gist, Estanley. Circumcision in our sadly degenerate age is no longer reliable evidence of Judaizing—"

"*Judaizing*! What does that *mean*, Father? That's a 14th-century word. I'm no Judaizer. I'm a Jew!"

"Let me finish, please. It is for this very reason I suggested to Luis that we find more conclusive proof before going ahead with our task of redemption in a clear conscience."

"Oh Lord, what did he find?"

"How is that? Translate, Estanley. I do not understand you."

"*Qué encontró Luis?*"

"He found, among other things, a Jewish prayer book that was lying on your night table."

"Prayer book? But Father, I own no prayer book. There must be some mistake. I have not opened a prayer book since I was fourteen."

THE CANON PEERED quizzically over the rims of his glasses. "But Luis said he saw it among your belongings. I thought he said it was on your night table."

"Did he describe it?"

"Well, yes. He said it was bilingual, with the Hebrew script on one side and the English on the—"

"Of course!" He slapped his forehead. "I should have guessed. He found my Berlitz phrasebook, the one my mother put in my luggage in case I went to Israel. Oh Lord—" He stopped laughing and straightened up. "But Father, that book

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wasn't—" he switched to Spanish—"I had that book at the bottom of my suitcase, with my underclothes."

THE CANON clasped his hands and raised them to his lips. "That is possible . . . ."

"Father Bandeña, that is a fairly serious offense, do you know? It's tampering with one's personal effects."

"That is true, Estanley. But then lying about one's faith is a serious offense too, is it not? That is tampering with one's soul."

This struck home, and knocked the wind out of his swelling indignation.

"So you see, esteemed Estanley, we are kinsmen after all, are we not? We have a great deal in common, you and I."

A tarnished three-quarter moon emerged from the sea.

"Ah Father Bandeña." He wagged his head. "You were conducting your own private Inquisition, weren't you? Your mean little *auto-da-fé*. You were laying up credits in The Life to Come. And I was your devious accomplice, your foil. I played the Hypocrite Jew."

"How is that? Speak Castilian. I do not understand you."

"I was saying Father that we are indeed kinsmen, just as you said."

"Thank you, Estanley, for bearing so patiently with me. I expected no less of you." He raised his arms to the sky. "Oh see, see how brightly the moon is shining! It is a blessed augury, a heavenly witness to our vow of spiritual reconsecration. And see, see over there how radiantly the walls reflect the light. Everything sparkles so! It is as if the earth were being born anew. . . . Don't you agree?" The canon's arms dropped, but his cheeks remained inflamed. "The light is sufficient, now, is it not? For one last turn around the ramparts. Will you keep me company, my kinsman?"

Stanley locked step beside him with a creeping dread. He felt linked to the canon's ankle by an invisible ball and chain.

"Now that the slate is wiped clean, as it were, we can commence our labor afresh, with renewed energy and dedication, is it not thus? Our Italian brothers might call it *'un risorgimento espirituale.'* Do you know Italian, Estanley?" The canon's hands were clasped behind. The spring had returned to his stride.

"What labor do you refer to, Father?"

"I have a small volume in my collection, my brother, that I have been withholding for this precise stage in our pilgrimage. I shall bring it to your room tomorrow evening. It is written by a former coreligionist of yours, a South African who led a fascinating and exemplary life. In his youth he lost three fingers of one hand fighting as a mercenary in the Boer Wars. Partly as a result of this experience he became a militant atheist, so obdurate in his apostasy that his own people turned against him. Subsequently he was wounded again during an engagement he fought—again as a mercenary—on the side of the Spanish in the Cuban Campaign. This time he lost his left arm to the shoulder and several vertebrae from the base of his spine. He returned in this condition to his native Rhodesia, where he joined a newly-founded railway and rose within a very few years to be head of a vast railway empire that spans the African subcontinent. And it was at this very point, when he had attained the pinnacle of his success, that he underwent the religious crisis that changed him overnight. His name—it's quite possible you may have heard of him—was Pinhas Levin, and he is today, at the advanced age of ninety-six, the Father Superior of a Capuchin Monastery high in the mountain peaks of Sikkim. . . . What? What is that? Brother Estanley how can I possibly understand you when you laugh and garble your words so? What did you say? Speak Christian, I cannot understand you . . . . Estanley, come back. Where are you going?"

AFTER BREAKFAST the next morning he packed his bags and left through the back door toward the bus station. On the way out he slipped the Berlitz phrase book under Luis's mat on the dining table. It had the following inscription: "To Luis—With fond memories, in the hope that this small book may prove of some comfort in his conjugal trials ahead. Affectionately, Stanley."

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Observations

Anarchism Revisited

George Woodcock.

There are still thousands of anarchists scattered thinly over many countries of the world. There are still anarchist groups and anarchist periodicals, anarchist schools and anarchist communities. But they form only the ghost of the historical anarchist movement, a ghost which inspires neither fear among governments nor hope among people nor even interest among newspapermen. Clearly, as a movement anarchism has failed. In almost a century of effort it has never even approached the fulfillment of its great aim to destroy the state and build Jerusalem in its ruins. During the past forty years the influence it once established has dwindled, by defeat after defeat and by the slow draining of hope, almost to nothing. Nor is there any reasonable likelihood of a renaissance of anarchism as we have known it since the foundation of the First International in 1864; history suggests that movements which fail to take the chances it offers them are never born again.

SO I WROTE seven years ago in a book called *Anarchism* which was largely a reckoning with my own youth. For more than a decade, from the early 1940's to the early 1950's, I had served my radical time working with anarchist groups in Britain, France, the United States; I was for a time an editor of the British anarchist papers, *War Commentary* and *Freedom*; my magazine *Now* was the main organ of the literary anarchists who gathered around Herbert Read and Alex Comfort during the 1940's; I contributed regularly to Dwight Macdonald's *Politics* when Dwight too considered himself an anarchist; I compiled a jejune manual of anarchist tenets *(Anarchy or Chaos)*, as narrowly sectarian as a Trotskyite tract, which Kenneth Rexroth used as a text in his pre-beat gatherings of San Francisco poets during the late 1940's; I was considered unpleasant enough by the State Department to be refused an immigration visa in 1955, a good four years after I had abandoned any kind of connection with organized anarchism. Whether in the changed circumstances of the 1960's that ban still holds I cannot say. My pride has not let me test it again, and in any case I feel it is primarily the business of Americans if their regulations mean that, alone among the frontiers of the world, a libertarian finds those of the United States and China closed against him.

During that decade of activity in the dwindling rump of the historic anarchist movement, I received a sustained exposure to the ideas of a series of libertarian thinkers, from 17th-century Winstanley through Godwin and Proudhon down to Sorel and Kropotkin, which I have found a lasting gain; I received also an education in the history of the labor movement somewhat different from that of the average Old Leftist, since it was sharply critical of Marx, and this I have found invaluable in assessing reactionary developments in socialist and Communist countries, which seem to surprise others far more than they do me; I met some intelligent people, of whom a few were charming and one was beautiful, and some of them are still my friends.

But I also lived at that time in the atmosphere of dense and parochial fanaticism which is characteristic of the remnants of dying movements. I watched bitter factional feuds over minor points of anarcho-syndicalist doctrine which history had in any case made irrelevant; I even took part in them. I witnessed, with a horrified excitement, one group of English anarchists turning bandits and carrying out an armed raid to raise funds; the victims were not wicked capitalists, but other anarchists with whom the raiders had quarreled over the ownership of a printing press, and whose code of honor they knew would not allow them to report the raid to the police. And I found myself agreeing more and more (against my will) with George Orwell, whom I met at this point and who—despite his own libertarian tendencies—pointed out the danger that anarchist intolerance might create a moral dictatorship which would imperil the very freedom for which anarchists claimed to fight. I knew already that within anarchist groups pressures to orthodoxy of belief existed; the more dedicated a militant, the more priggish and intolerant he was likely to be. I felt the infection touching me, knew it would probably ruin me as a writer, and stepped aside to become a free-wheeling radical of my own kind. I have never been forgiven, particularly by those who fawned most upon me when I was a young and promising writer who also appeared to be a true believer. But that is nothing exceptional; it is the experience of all intellectuals who became involved, in whatever direction, with the sects of the Old Left.

The distinction I have emphasized—between what I gained positively from studying the writers and the history of the generative period of anarchism, and what I wasted in time and energy (though perhaps not finally in experience) by becoming too deeply involved with the conservators of a movement which had lost its relevance because it lost its constituency among the peasant and artisan masses of the Latin and Slav countries—is closely related to a point I made in *Anarchism*, where, after tolling

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a knell for old-line forms of anarchist organization, I went on to say:

> Here of course we must distinguish between the historical anarchist movement that sprang from the efforts of Bakunin and his followers, and the anarchist idea which established it. The idea, in various forms and under various names, was alive more than two centuries before the historical movement began, and since ideas are more durable than organizations and causes, it is possible that the theoretical core of anarchism may still have the power to give life to a new form under changed historical circumstances.

And later, as I moved into the last page of my book, I found "a purpose and a function" which anarchism may possess in the modern world.

> If human values are to survive, a counter-ideal must be posed to the totalitarian goal of a uniform world, and that counter-ideal exists precisely in the vision of pure liberty that has inspired the anarchist and near-anarchist writers from Winstanley in the 17th century. Obviously, it is not immediately realizable, and since it is an ideal, it will probably never be realized. But the very presence of such a concept of pure liberty can help us to judge our condition and see our aims; it can help us to safeguard what liberties we still retain against the further encroachments of the centralizing state; it can help us to conserve and even enlarge those areas in which personal values still operate; it can help in the urgent task of mere survival, of living out the critical decades ahead until the movement of world centralization loses its impetus like all historical movements, and the moral forces that depend on individual choice and judgment can reassert themselves in the midst of its corruption.

Anarchism, published in 1962, has enjoyed a modest continuing popularity, with editions appearing in Italy, Sweden, now Japan, which I suspect has had as much to do with the fortunes of the doctrine it discusses as with the book's own merits. For anarchism, as a doctrine rather than as a movement, has had a revival during the last few years of the kind I thought possible. The old revolutionary sect has not been resurrected, but in its place has appeared a moral-political movement typical of the age. The development began about a year after my book appeared, but that particular link is accidental.

LET ME BEGIN with facts. One reached me only recently. A political science teacher in a Canadian university wrote me of the curious results of a quiz on political preferences which he had given to the 160 students in his class on Contemporary Ideologies. Ninety of them chose anarchism in preference to democratic socialism (which came next with twenty-three votes), liberalism, Communism, and conservatism. Most of the voters seemed as square as students run in the late 1960's; only a small minority were overt hippies or New Leftists.

That was a fact for December, 1967. Part of its background was of course the unparalleled academic interest in anarchism during the past decade. Since 1960 more serious and dispassionate studies of anarchism have appeared than during the preceding sixty years of the century; apart from my own book, these have included James Joll's excellent *The Anarchists,** and some very good paperback anthologies of key libertarian texts, of which the best is probably that edited by Irving Horowitz, which is also called *The Anarchists.*† (The French have been somewhat ahead of us in this; Jean Maitron's definitive *Histoire du mouvement anarchiste en France* appeared in 1955, and the first excellent volume of the never-completed *Histoire de l'anarchie,* by Alain Sergent and Claude Harmel, in 1949.)

The interest of historians is sometimes the equivalent of a death certificate. All is safely past and ended and can be entombed in books without the fear of a knock in the coffin. The interest of the press, on the other hand, is usually a sign of life in the subject, and during the past few years anarchism has been popping in and out of newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic because of the new role it has been playing as an element in contemporary youth movements.

I first became aware of this trend in 1963, when newspaper accounts began to reach me describing the Easter demonstrations in London, following on the annual Aldermaston march against nuclear armament. I read that behind the banner of the London Anarchists five hundred young men and women marched twenty abreast. "The London Anarchists came ringleted and bearded and pre-Raphaelite," enthused one reporter. "It was a frieze of non-conformists enviable in their youth and gaiety and personal freedom." In the 1940's the anarchists in London had not taken part in street demonstrations for fear of revealing the smallness of their numbers; we would have thought ourselves lucky to assemble fifty behind the tattered red-and-black which had been preserved from Spanish Civil War days, and half of these would have been veterans—now dead—who bored one with reminiscences of Kropotkin and Edward Carpenter. And nobody would have talked of us as enviable in our gaiety. The Old Left was solemn through and through. At parties we might take down our unringleted hair, but in public we were as earnest as any of the steel-toothed Trotskyites with whom we competed to sell a few dozen papers every Sunday at Marble Arch.

Perhaps, I began to think as I read of those hundreds of gay comrades, perhaps I had been rash in so officiously burying the historic anarchist movement. But this was in fact no knock in the coffin. The anarchists of the 1960's were not the historic anarchist movement resurrected; they were something quite different, a new manifestation of the idea.

The anarchists of the 1940's were bellicose barricaders, dreaming inoffensively of the violent overthrow of the state, and identifying themselves with the great assassins like Ravachol and Emile Henry as a hearth cat might imagine himself a lion. Only a minority of us followed the pacifist revolutionary line and, provided we were allowed an occasional say in *Freedom,* we did not obtrude our point of view. The tradition of Bakunin and the syndicalist cult of romantic death still hung too heavily over the movement; our yesterday was Spain.

* Atlantic Monthly Press, 1965.
† Dell, 1964.

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In 1963, it was evident, things had changed. The new anarchists who marched ringleted and pre-Raphaelite had forgotten Spain and had no use for the old romanticism of the *dynamitero* and the *pétroleuse*. They were militant pacifists. They represented a trend which had appeared from outside Old Anarchism. It had come into being through radical protest drives against nuclear warfare like the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the Committee of 100. Among the leaders of the Committee of 100, in particular, were older libertarians, unorthodox anarchists like Herbert Read, Alex Comfort, and the pacifist activist, Laurie Hislam. Within the Committee and its groups of supporters grew up a philosophy of direct action and defiance of the state which created anarchists without traditions, and in the English provinces especially scores of small groups sprang up and maintained largely autonomous existences; their anarchism was pacifist in nature, and concerned itself little with the dogmatic disputes of the past. Glancing through the announcement columns of *Freedom* in 1967, one realizes these groups are still numerous and widely scattered, representing many times the number of individual supporters the anarchists could muster twenty years ago.

One of the great sustaining influences on this youthful neo-anarchist movement in Britain has been the intellectual quarterly, *Anarchy*, edited for the past seven years by Colin Ward. *Anarchy* has kept a level higher than that of any anarchist magazine I know of since the French 1890's, escaping from old ideological disputes to discuss practical radical approaches to a great range of current problems; its contributors have included men as various and vital as Colin MacInnes, Alan Sillitoe, Alex Comfort, Paul Goodman, Maurice Cranston; it has been influential in the universities, where mushroom anarchist magazines have also been founded in many places by the students, usually going out of existence after a few issues, but giving expression in the meantime to the local form of the general ferment.

All this (hundreds of new anarchists marching through London, one good durable magazine, a lot of ephemeral ones) might seem to mean very little if Britain's reborn anarchism had not lost the holy isolationism of the past, and become allied with all the radical youth trends in present-day Britain, which it influences by its libertarian approach. Thirty years ago in Britain the leaders of the community were shocked when sons and daughters joined the Communists (the present poet laureate among them, singing "Why do we all, seeing a Communist, feel small?"); today one is more likely to hear a sigh of resignation when young David or Sybil comes home to announce that he or she has become an anarchist. Mark the change. Becoming rather than joining. A change of heart rather than a party ticket. That is how the young tend to see their revolutionism, with a stress on feeling and faith that would have aroused derision among past ideologists.

Britain is not the only country where, in a loose way, the new anarchists maintain a link with the remnants of the old Anarchist Left. In Holland the Provos, rebels against the welfare state who have stirred smug Amsterdam to the depths of its canals with their demonstrations, happenings, and occasional riots, are frankly anarchist in orientation, paying tribute to the Dutch pacifist anarchists of the past (Domela Nieuwenhuis and Bart de Ligt), and giving revolutionary doctrines a new twist so that the despair at ever attaining the libertarian paradise becomes in its own way a weapon, to be used in goading governments into showing their most brutal faces. The weak provoke; the strong unwillingly expend themselves.

> Through provocation [says one Provo manifesto] we force authority to tear off its mask. Uniforms, boots, helmets, sabers, truncheons, firehoses, police dogs, tear gas, and all the other means of suppression they have lined up for us, must be produced. The authorities must be forced to rage, threatening us right and left, commanding, forbidding, condemning, convicting. They will become more and more unpopular and the popular spirit will ripen for revolution. A revolutionary feeling will once again be in the air: crisis.
>
> A crisis of provoked authority.
>
> Such is the gigantic provocation we call for from the International Provotariat.

In North America, in all the kaleidoscope of New Radical organizations, with names compounded of initials impossible to remember, there is no such obvious revival of anarchism as one finds in Britain and Holland. But only if one seeks explicit statements or anarchistic loyalties. In practice many observers regard anarchism as an important and central element in the pluralistic spectrum of New Radical thought. Probably the best study of the movement from the inside is Jack Newfield's *A Prophetic Minority*,* and Newfield has no hesitation at all in placing anarchism, with pacifism and socialism, as one of the three basic influences on the New Left. Sometimes the influence becomes a long but concentrated beam stretching across centuries: that of 17th-century Winstanley, for example, on the modern Diggers. In general, however, it is hard to find North American New Radicals who have read an anarchist classic as recent as Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* or *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, though many have read that surviving but untypical Old Anarchist, Paul Goodman. In general, the basic ideas of anarchism, like those of traditional socialism and pacifism, have come down to the New Radicals (that generation of voluntary semi-literates) not through direct reading, but in a kind of mental nutrient broth of remnants of the old ideologies which pervades the air of certain settings in New York, the Bay Area, Los Angeles, Vancouver, and Montreal. But the key tenets that have been on anarchist lips for generations are there: the rejection of the state, the abandonment of the comfortable in favor of the good life, direct action, decentralization, the primacy of the functional group, participation.

Where neo-anarchists—avowed or unavowed—flourish, one notices at least two important differences from the Old Anarchists in their heyday. The historic movement that died in Barcelona sprang from the poorest classes, the illiterate and wretched peasants of Andalucia and

* New American Library, 1966.

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the Ukraine, the hard-run French and Lombard factory workers of the turn-of-the-century, the marble cutters of Carrara, dock-workers of Ancona, watchmakers of the Jura; a few aristocrats (Bakunin and Kropotkin), unfrocked parsons (Godwin and Nieuwenhuis), and working-class intellectuals (Proudhon and Weitling) were among their leaders; neo-Romantic painters and poets (Courbet and Pissarro and Signac, Octave Mirbeau and Oscar Wilde) skirmished on their flanks. Now the conscience-stricken noblemen and priests have been replaced by the conscience-stricken middle class, and these, with the vastly increased bohemian contingent, have almost completely displaced the old anarchist constituency of the peasants and the poor.

Six years ago the British anarchist magazine *Freedom* conducted a survey of the backgrounds of its readers. Out of 457 who answered the questionnaire, forty were engaged in industry, but of these six were managers. Twenty-three worked on the land, but eight ran their own farms and holdings and one was an estate manager. Nineteen worked in communications and transport. And that—15 per cent when one had counted out the managers and owners—was about the total of those who belonged to the traditional groupings of workers and peasants. On the other hand, there were fifty-two teachers, thirty students, twenty architects, sixteen journalists and writers, twenty-three in the arts and entertainments, twelve in the book trade, twenty-five in scientific research and twenty-five in health and welfare; forty, finally, in various administrative and clerical posts. The preponderance of white-collar workers was striking. So was the predominance of youth. Anarchists in the 1940's included a high proportion of the elderly, but of this batch in 1962, 65 per cent were under forty, and if the count were taken again now it would show an even higher proportion. Even more significant was the stronger class shift among the young. 45 per cent of those over sixty were working-class, as against 23 per cent of those in their thirties and 10 per cent of those in their twenties. The new anarchists in Britain—and this applies as much to the Provos in Holland and the New Radicals in the United States—are a movement of dissident middle-class youth.

The historic anarchist movement was strongest in countries which, apart from France, were technologically and socially backward and where authority took on a reactionary and half-feudal form. The new anarchism, on the other hand, is strongest in countries where the state has assumed a bland welfare face, and where its pervading influence on daily life rather than its brutality affronts the young.

Perhaps, in this situation, the failures of anarchism, splendid and comic as they have variously been, speak in its favor. Anarchism can claim, almost alone among modern ideologies, the equivocal merit of never having really been tried out. Not having come to power, it was never discredited in power, and in this sense it presents an untarnished image, the image of an idea which, in practical terms, has had nothing but a future. Success has not sullied it, and with the young in their present mood this is a unique and powerful advantage. "Flowers for the rebels who failed," the Old Anarchists used to sing. The flowers are descending on their successors.

Though its ideas were originally framed in situations totally different from those in which the young of today find themselves, anarchism—with its cult of the spontaneous—has always shown a strikingly Protean fluidity in adapting its approach and methods to special historical circumstances. Winstanley in Civil-War England concentrates on direct action to cultivate the wastelands; Godwin at the height of the Enlightenment interests himself in the spread of discussion groups; Proudhon works through the pioneer credit unions (his People's Banks); Bakunin's romantic insurrectionism is balanced by Kropotkin's scientific-sociological approach, from which arose some seminal insights on the relations between town and country, industry and agriculture; the tragically flamboyant gestures of the Terrorists in the 1890's gave place to the syndicalists' myth of the regenerative general strike; the Andalucian peasants in the early months of the Spanish Civil War set up communes of idyllic and altruistic simplicity. The means were always fluid, adapting to changing social norms, but always keeping close to the ground, to the ideal of a society deep at the roots, and always keeping away from ordinary politics, away from power.

None of these specific phases of the anarchist past seems to matter greatly to the New Anarchists; unlike their predecessors, they do not have the historic urge which loved to relive past battles and to dwell on what birds might lodge on the libertarian family tree between Zeno and Sir Herbert Read. What mainly concerns them in ideas is applicability to their own situation, and here anarchism certainly seems to have a great deal to give them.

Consider that situation. They are in full revolt against a society dominated by material goals, by established power. They are facing—perhaps more realistically than their elders—the great revolution which automation will wreak within a few years on our concepts of the dignity and necessity of toil; they see at the same time that the world which provides material security and leisure for tens of millions, leaves—even in North America—other millions in poverty and alienation, to which there appear at present no certified cures. They see the most condemned war in their country's history being fought in their name and, for many of them, with their blood. But they cannot even applaud unreservedly the other side, since only the most naively gullible among them believe that the Vietcong is really better than its enemies. They see the traditional great American and Canadian parties concerned with despicable goals of power and material reward. They revolt against the hierarchic institutionalization of revolutionism by the Old Left, which is why, despite the fantasies that crowd the mind of J. Edgar Hoover, the Communists have never made any appreciable headway among them. They see the unions concerned almost wholly with money; labor radicalism is dead, and its one great manifestation in the American past revives for a grotesque and ghostly Sabbath each year when the few surviving veterans of the IWW gather to shout old slogans at the annual con-

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vention in Chicago and to sing old songs of defiance to an unlistening world.

WHAT THE anarchist tradition has to give the radical young is perhaps, first of all, the vision of a society in which every relation would have moral rather than political characteristics. The anarchist believes in a moral urge in man powerful enough to survive the destruction of authority and still to hold society together in the free and natural bonds of fraternity. Recent events—the civil-rights campaigns, the revolts in the Negro ghettos, the behavior of have-not countries toward their prosperous benefactors—have shown that even in a materialist culture, non-materialist values will make an irrational but convincing clamor. The relations among men are moral in nature, and politics can never entirely embrace them. This the anarchists have always insisted.

Within such a non-materialist attitude they have posed, against the TUC and AFL-CIO drives to bring the workers into line materially with the rich, the ideal of a dignified poverty. Paul Goodman has written a great deal on this, but we should not forget those magnificently poetic passages of *La guerre et la paix* in which Proudhon draws the distinction between pauperism and poverty. Pauperism, he contends, is destitution; poverty is the state in which a man gains from his work just enough for his needs, and this condition Proudhon praises in lyrical terms as the ideal human state, in which we are most free, in which—masters of our senses and our appetites—we are best able to spiritualize our needs. In material terms anarchists have never asked for more than the sufficiency that will allow men to be free. One has only to read the moving accounts of Gerald Brennan and Franz Borkenau to realize how deeply the peasant anarchists of southern Spain felt their freedom; they were willing to give up not merely alcohol and tobacco, but even tea and coffee, so that their newly communized villages could escape more completely from the golden chains of the money system.

The great anarchists—and here I am not considering the embittered last-ditch defenders who represented the historic movement in the 1940's—laid a constant stress on the natural, the spontaneous, the unsystematic. For them individual judgment held primacy; dogmas impeded one's understanding of the quality of life. That life, they believed, should be as simple and as near to nature as possible. This urge toward the simple, natural way of life made men like Kropotkin urgently concerned over the alienation of men in modern cities and the destruction of the countryside, themes that are dear to New Radicals. The anarchists were ever conscious of the danger of rule by experts. Bakunin was frankly hostile to professional scientists. Even Kropotkin, scientist by training, stressed the great role of the amateur in scientific development, and when it came to the organization of a trade or a village or a city quarter to fulfill its material needs, he believed that responsibility should lie with those nearest to the problem. People must learn to make their own decisions. This strong sense of the appropriateness of those directly concerned deciding on all matters affecting them alone became the basis of Proudhon's federalism. He saw society organized in functional groups, industrial and social in character, in which people would decide what should be done at their place of work or their place of living; above these primary levels, and dependent always upon them, would be constructed—in the most loosely federal manner possible—the few national and international institutions that might be necessary. At every level the people would participate as widely as possible, but at the lowest level, in workshops and living areas, participation would be complete.

It is easy to see how such views may appeal to New Radicals today and, indeed, how far New Radical views derive half-consciously from those of the anarchist past. But perhaps the way in which the anarchists have most interestingly anticipated the preoccupations of the young today is in their concern over what they firmly believed would be the death of the relation between man and his work as we have known it. As long ago as 1793, writing his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (the first major anarchist text), Godwin foresaw with great accuracy the age of automation and forced leisure which today seems almost upon us.

> At present, to pull down a tree, to cut a canal, to navigate a vessel requires the labor of many. Will it always require the labor of many? When we look at the complicated machines of human contrivance, various sorts of mills, of weaving engines, of steam engines, are we not astonished at the compendium of labor they produce? Who shall say where this species of improvement must stop? . . . The conclusion of the progress which has here been sketched is something like a final close to the necessity of human labor.

With a daring that seemed more astonishing 175 years ago than it does today, Godwin ventured the prophecy that one day man might have to work no more than an average of half an hour a day. The rest he could devote to the cultivation of his nature. Kropotkin, writing almost a quarter of a century later in *The Conquest of Bread*, was more cautious than his predecessor, merely making a suggestion whose fulfillment is now almost upon us in the Western world; the physical comfort of society might be assured, he ventured, if all men worked "five hours a day from the age of twenty or twenty-five to forty-five or fifty." But Kropotkin also realized what is becoming steadily more clear to us today, that the small amount of work necessary in the near future will be of far less concern than the long hours away from the factory and the office. We are faced with the problem of what happens—to borrow phraseology from that other old libertarian, William Morris—when Useless Toil is eliminated and we have to find Useful Work. Kropotkin believed optimistically that when the problems of excessive toil had been solved, men would adjust themselves, creatively.

> Man is not a being whose exclusive purpose in life is eating, drinking, and providing a shelter for himself. As soon as his material wants are satisfied, other needs, which generally speaking

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> may be described as of an artistic nature, will thrust themselves forward. These needs are of the greatest variety; they vary in each and every individual, and the more society is civilized, the more will individuality be developed, and the more desires be varied.

So Kropotkin wrote in 1892. I think New Radicals today would see the problem in exactly the same way, though I doubt if many would be as optimistic.

To a great extent I still share many of the libertarian attitudes I have been describing, though I answer to no whip and accept no label. I am not seeking converts to them; my propagandist days are ended. But I am, as a historian, extremely interested in the phenomenon of a group of ideas, which only a decade ago seemed tied to the dying animal of a 19th-century working-class movement, but which today have taken on new company among the young and the middle class, and which seem to be giving the young at least some of the answers they want to the questions of the 60's.

I am also interested in the absence of some of the elements which were part of classic anarchism. There is no longer much talk of barricades and revolutionary heroism, and while "direct action" is a phrase continually on the lips of New Radicals, it means something very near to Gandhian civil disobedience, which Old Anarchists would despise ostentatiously. I believe all these changes are to the good, since they represent the liberation of useful libertarian ideas from many of those elements of the historic anarchist movement which its critics, with a degree of justification, condemned. The anarchists of the past were too much inclined, despite their fervent anti-Marxism, to accept the stereotypes of 19th-century left-wing thinking; the idea of the class struggle as a dominant and constructive force in society, the romantic cult of insurrectionism and terror, and even —though this they rarely admitted —a vision of proletarian dictatorship, particularly among the anarcho-syndicalists who envisaged a society run by monolithic workers' unions. Those who openly or unwittingly advocate anarchistic ideas today have mostly shed these outdated concepts, together with much else of the ideological baggage of the Old Left. The revolutionary tactics of Bakunin are as dead as if they were buried with him among the solid burghers of Berne. It is unlikely that we shall see the revival of a movement dedicated to pursuing them, however far libertarian ideas and impulses may spread among the young and influence their social and moral concepts.

As to the kind of society their efforts might lead to, the anarchists were never great utopians; they liked to keep the future flexible and felt that elaborate plans laid burdens on generations which had not made them. I am sure most New Radicals would agree. But there was nevertheless an unbending rigidity about one aspect of the Old Anarchist view of the future. It was a hard, no-compromise view; either the completely non-governmental society, or nothing at all. The Old Anarchists never came within light years of attaining such a goal; hence the glorious record of unsuccess which is now so much to anarchism's advantage.

Today I doubt if anyone in the West seriously believes in the possibility of creating a uniform society of any kind, and I suspect the Russians too are fast abandoning such a hope. We no longer think terminally, thanks paradoxically to the threat of nuclear destruction. The future is open-ended, open-sided, and as far as we can see ahead we are likely to be involved in pluralistic permutations that will embrace many philosophies, many institutional patterns, many nuances of approach.

The anarchists, in other words, will never create their own world; the free society of which they have dreamed is as pleasant and as remote a myth as the idyllic libertarian society William Morris portrayed in *News from Nowhere*. The material and social complexity of the modern world obviously precludes such simplistic solutions. But this does not mean that the ideas which have emerged within the libertarian tradition are—outside the context of an anarchist utopia—irrelevant in the real world. Taken individually, as I have suggested, they often have a striking relevance to current problems. At the same time, it seems to me, they can only become useful if those who respect the positive aspects of anarchist thought are willing to make a number of radical admissions.

Classic anarchists—for instance—believed that the destruction of an authoritarian society must precede the creation of its libertarian successor. But history in the past fifty years has shown that the revolutionary destruction of an authoritarian society tends to create a more efficiently coercive society in its place. The liberalization of a society is, in fact, an evolutionary and not an apocalyptic process, and can only be attained by concentrating on piecemeal changes. These changes are to be attained not by rejecting all laws, since some restraints are manifestly necessary in any foreseeable future society, but by searching out those areas in which authoritarian and bureaucratic methods have manifestly failed or over-extended themselves, and by endeavoring to give practical application to libertarian concepts of decentralization, voluntarism, and direct participation in decision-making. Such an admission implies that it is time for those who still find some virtue in basic libertarian teachings to recognize that, despite the moralistic pretensions of past anarchists, anarchism has never been genuinely non-political; it has always represented politics carried out by other means; a recognition of this kind would free those who hold libertarian convictions to seek the social changes they think necessary within an existing political framework which, needless to say, is also changeable.

Finally, one must accept a more existential view of human nature than the historic anarchists upheld. They believed that—even if man was not naturally good—he was naturally social. Such an assumption presupposes impossibly ideal circumstances; given freedom and sufficiency and time to heal their psychic wounds, men would perhaps begin behaving with perfect sociability. But this, again, is a utopian vision, unlikely to be

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realized. We live in the present, where most men are probably better fitted for responsibility than the pessimists assume, and where a few are more chronically anti-social than the optimists wish to admit; this, impossible to define as it may be, is the only human nature we know from experience. We must therefore accept its existence, and limit anti-sociality where it impinges on the lives of others. Our aim should be to preserve as much freedom as possible for men as they are, rather than dream of a hypothetical total freedom for men as they at present are not.

What I have left, I can hear my old comrades complaining, is no longer anarchism. Perhaps not. But it is an attempt to bring the constructive insights of anarchist thinkers, too often neglected in the past because of the tactics they were wedded to, into a context where they may at last wield some positive and beneficial influence in the shaping of society. The fact that we are now thinking in political and social matters more openly and more pluralistically than in the past makes it possible for the ideas that emerged within the libertarian tradition to play a vital part in shaping, not an anarchist utopia, but a world that will really exist as the product of the vast technological changes of our age. But this can only happen if, as Paul Goodman does so admirably, libertarians are willing to make their social criticisms and their proposals for reform relevant to our concrete and rapidly changing present and not to some idealized future.

The Loneliest Jews of All

Erich Isaac

THE ASSOCIATION of Orthodox Jewish Scientists (AOJS) is celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year. Since its inception in this country in 1948, it has grown to include branches in Israel and England, and chapters are now being organized in continental Europe as well. The organization is an umbrella for a variety of smaller groups, some with a fairly wide range of professional adherents, some composed wholly of members of a single discipline. Apparently, the only professional group that is not represented is the engineers. Since Orthodox engineers are known to exist, this might suggest that the Orthodox scientists are purists. However, when I attended the dinner of the annual meeting some months ago, I sat at a table with two physicians, a social worker, an accountant, and a sociologist. It would thus appear that the organization does not try to be exclusive (at least at its annual meeting). Indeed, the attendance of rather marginal scientists suggests that the AOJS enjoys prestige within the Orthodox community, as does the fact that routine organizational and paperwork problems are alleviated by the activity of a number of young women who are looking for Orthodox-Jewish-scientific husbands. The age range of the membership is wide. The two physicians at my table were father and son, and each in his own way seemed quite at home in the organization.

The annual meeting, a weekend affair, was held in Brooklyn, out-of-town visitors being put up by local members. The group attended religious services at what turned out to be a fairly middle-aged Young Israel of Flatbush. The Sabbath program featured an address by a dean of Yeshiva University on Judaism's answer to the alienated student, and a *shiur* (Talmud lesson) which focused on the question of when an idol is an idol. The *shiur* was competent enough, but no one examined its possible relevance to modern "idolatries," including the idolatry of science. This problem, however, was touched upon the next day in a talk on "Science and Superstition" given by Dr. G. N. Schlesinger, professor of the philosophy of science at the University of North Carolina. Dr. Schlesinger discussed the enormous amount that scientists have to accept on faith if the scientific enterprise is to prosper. Cyril Domb, professor of theoretical physics at King's College, London gave the dinner address.

THE PURPOSE of the Association of Orthodox Jewish Scientists is partly social, partly promotional of research related to the technical problems of religious ritual and practice in the contemporary world, and partly missionary. The social need for such an organization is obvious. The American campus has been a cold place for the Orthodox Jew. He has been estranged not only from the Gentiles but also from many of his fellow Jews on the faculty whose self-image he has threatened by what they consider to be his "tribal peculiarities." The "liberated" Jew is especially sensitive to such "peculiarities" when they crop up in the university—which he views as his secular church of the rationalist tradition. In this respect, research organizations and business firms with research-and-development departments have constituted a more congenial environment for the observant Jew.

Politically, too, non-academic institutions may be more comfortable for the Orthodox scientist, who tends to be more conservative than his non-Orthodox counterpart and much less likely to harbor any social-revolutionary dispositions. His political reflexes have been significantly influenced by his recognition of the fact that successful revolutions have always undermined Orthodoxy. In a sense, the basically apolitical attitude of the Orthodox scientist is a source of weakness for the AOJS; not being joiners, many Orthodox scientists do not even join the organization. And if they do, they tend jealously to defend the autonomy of the smaller professional groups. The national organization must therefore conduct its affairs with the greatest caution and can scarcely risk going out on any limbs. Recently, for example, there was controversy over whether the AOJS should take a stand on the abortion reform bill before the New York legislature. The question was whether to support the bill or to take no stand at all, and the final decision was in favor of the second

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alternative. This was not because there was any opposition to abortion reform within the organization, but because many members feared that a stand on a political issue would create a dangerous and ultimately divisive precedent. Might not the question of Vietnam come up next?

Apart from filling an obvious social need, the AOJS also encourages discussion of and research into *halacha*-related problems. Study groups are particularly popular among physicians, who concern themselves with birth control, euthanasia, drugs, and a host of ethico-religious problems raised by the practice of medicine. It comes as something of a surprise to discover that the organization has not actually initiated any research into problems such as those connected with ritual slaughter, contraception, or the Sabbath. Research of this kind has usually been conducted by unaffiliated Orthodox scientists, as, for example, the late Professor Bruno Kisch's work on ritual slaughter. But the AOJS does support the Israeli Institute for Halacha and Science. That Institute's discoveries have recently become somewhat problematical; in trying to eliminate the labor that has hitherto been necessary for carrying out essential services on the Sabbath, it has succeeded in developing devices that worry those who devised them. Apparently, an attempt to eliminate all human labor from power production on the Sabbath has culminated in inventions so successful, both scientifically and economically, that the inventors fear they may have defeated their own purpose. A host of inessential services may now be revived, the excuse being that no labor is needed to provide them. Indeed, one shudders to think of the revolutionary consequences for which the unfortunate Institute might be held responsible if it were to manage to obviate the need for labor altogether. After all, man is commanded not only to hallow the Sabbath but to work on the other six days.

THE AOJS also performs a missionary function. It does not, however, direct its activities to the non-Orthodox Jewish scientific community, for which it entertains no hopes. Rather, it reaches out to the ultra-Orthodox, Hasidim and Mitnagdim alike, seeking to persuade them that the pursuit of science is compatible with the religious life of an Orthodox Jew. The organization urges Orthodox communities to encourage their children to obtain a higher education, and it warns them that withdrawal from the secular world will not solve their problems in the long run.

Such a position must seem astonishing to the majority of American Jews, who take the conflict between science and Orthodoxy for granted. For many of the Jewish immigrants around the turn of the century, uprooted and persecuted as they had been by various religious and national orthodoxies, a belief in science as the antithesis to *all* orthodoxies became almost an article of faith. A religious scientist therefore seemed to be a contradiction in terms. It is no accident that the early members of AOJS were Germans, for in Western Europe, where modern science developed, the incompatibility between religion and science did not seem so self-evident. There was a measure of conflict, to be sure, but the confrontation was gradual and science did not cause the culture shock it did in Eastern Europe, and does today in the non-occidental world. In fact, certain religious orthodoxies proved conducive to the development of modern science. According to the sociologist Robert K. Merton, it was not merely fortuitous that the leading figures of England's Royal Society, founded in 1662, were either divines or eminently religious men. The Puritans, a small minority in the country, constituted 62 per cent of the initial membership of the Society, and Merton believes that it was specifically Puritan values, with their emphasis on rationalism, empiricism, and earnest activity within the world, which made an empirically founded science seem commendable rather than reprehensible or at best acceptable on sufferance, as had been the case in the medieval period.

Even this is only part of the story, for it may be in the very nature of the Judaeo-Christian tradition to stimulate the scientific approach. In that tradition, revelation determines what is to be believed about things beyond this world; the world in which man lives, devoid of imminent divinity, thus becomes the only permissible object of man's action, speculation, or study. As Max Weber and others have pointed out, this state of affairs contrasts markedly with that obtaining in areas like Eastern Asia, where no "teaching authority" exists in metaphysical matters, and where, as a consequence, intellectual energies are channeled into an endless metaphysical quest —to the detriment of scientific or technological progress.

The Judaeo-Christian tradition, then, was uniquely suited to stimulate the sociological and scientific transformation of the world; narrowing the area of speculation concerning the divine, it enlarged the realm of terrestrial freedom. Of course, the term "Judaeo-Christian tradition" must be used cautiously in this respect, since Christianity, by abandoning many of Judaism's elaborate restrictions on man's use of the earth, went further than Judaism in sharpening the separation between the world and the divine.

The Church not only dismissed the ritual prohibitions and prescriptions of Judaism, but placed greater emphasis than Judaism had done on man's separation from the rest of nature. In Jewish thought, man is the steward of the world, but he holds the task in trust and incurs heavy obligations to the creatures he rules. He must act morally toward the creation; that is the essential notion behind such regulations in Judaism as those governing the proper treatment of animals, for example. The Protestant Reformation carried the Christian position one step further away from Judaism: it not only shut off intellectual effort in the area of systematic theology, but also focused divine concern so exclusively on man that the rest of creation became utterly neutral and hence subject to man's unrestricted manipulation.

TODAY, there are essentially two party positions on the relationship between science and religion. The

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friends of science draw up a list of incidents of the persecution of scientists: Galileo retracting his views under pressure of the Church, Bruno being burned at the stake in Rome, the fate of Servetus in Geneva. The friends of religion compile lists of their own, which stress the contribution of their churches to the preservation and advancement of knowledge. Both parties to the conflict tend to forget that the dispute has been primarily a jurisdictional one, and that the opposition to science arose not so much from antipathy toward the scientific enterprise as such, as from the fear that science was stepping beyond its proper bounds.

Thus when Bishop Virgilius of Salzburg was accused of heresy because he argued for the existence of the antipodes, it was because the Pope feared the religious implications of a round earth; one might have to assume that souls existed which were neither implicated in the fall nor redeemed by the sacrificial death of Christ. And when the Church condemned Galileo it directed itself not against the scientific content of his theory but, as Duhem and Poincaré have pointed out, against certain metaphysical assertions in conflict with dogma. Similarly, the Church did not turn against Copernicus but against Bruno, the "Copernican metaphysician." The limitations which religion placed on scientific thought were certainly real, but the conflict was not inevitable and it was not due to the "very nature" either of science or of traditional religion.

There is, however, an essential conflict between science and modern "ideological religions." Not only do the latter seal off metaphysics as effectively as any dogmatic church ever did, but they also provide an exclusive "teaching authority" for the things of this world. In countries like the Soviet Union there is therefore an inevitable tension between the "teaching authority" and science, for the latter is as dangerous as it is necessary—if only because of its contributions to national defense. In areas such as genetics and cultural geography, subject to especially strict ideological guidance, very little progress has been made—hence, the famed unevenness of Soviet science. During periods of "thaw," Soviet scientists are at least able to complain about the situation. Thus A. N. Nesmaianov, the former president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, was recently able to state in *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* "I do not see any connection between science and morality . . . . Morality varies not only from society to society but also from individual to individual. An honest merchant in bourgeois society could be considered an exploiter and a speculator in our society, but science, say mathematics, physics, and chemistry, is the same everywhere." Tired defenders of orthodoxy like A. D. Alexandrov counter with the old dictum, "The unity of science and morality, the unity of the scientific explanation of the world and moral demand for its change is the alpha and omega of the Communist world view."

THE MISINTERPRETATION of the nature of religion has been one of the factors aggravating the dispute between religion and science. According to a whole series of 19th- and 20th-century theories, religion is really something other than what it purports to be: it is ethics, or primitive science, or an ideological "superstructure," or a corollary to a social and psychological change. Such misinterpretations have, to be sure, helped religion preserve a certain respectability in the modern world, but they have also undermined the strength of religious institutions by making them seem obsolete.

For example, if religion is only primitive science, Comtean positivism was justified in throwing it out as a superseded stage of human development. If religion is really ethics in disguise, one may grant that it has played a vital part in preserving mankind from moral anarchy; but now that the "true nature" of religion is understood, is there any reason not to separate the ethical gold from the metaphysical dross? If religion is the product of certain social conditions, a change in those conditions may obviate the need for religion: the revolutionary proletariat no longer requires an opiate. Dogmas, rituals, and theologies all become obsolescences whose continued existence can only be explained by the theory of "culture lag."

And yet, science may not have been nearly so influential in undermining religion as is commonly thought. After all, religious taboos were flouted by men long before science had shown that they *could* be flouted without any ensuing supernatural retribution. Max Scheler has pointed out that science does not displace religion, for it can only occupy an area which religion has already evacuated. "What threatens an established religion," according to Scheler, "is not science, but the drying up of sources of the faith, the dying out of the living ethos. A 'dead' faith and a 'dead' ethos replace the 'living' faith and ethos, and either a new embryonic religious consciousness emerges or a new metaphysic capable of sweeping the masses displaces it."

In Christianity as well as in Judaism, inner reasons were responsible for the death of faith in "religious authority." "Science" has not filled the resulting gap, but various secular metaphysics have, and faith in science is one of them. As established revealed religions have lost their force, the old magic, which they once suppressed, has regained its power. A new primitivism arises, more pernicious than the old. The witch doctor knew there were limits to his power, while modern man believes he is capable of everything; what he cannot do yet, he will be able to do soon.

IN SEEKING to understand the relationship between science and religion, it is essential to realize that the two do not address themselves to the same questions. Nor is religion the same as ethics, for it does not merely ask, "How shall I live?" It also asks, "Why should I live at all? What does life mean? Given the human situation, why should I not despair?" Because it raises these questions, religion is not identical with science and cannot be superseded by science. Religion deals with a world which formal scientific logic is incapable of handling. The world of our common human experience is more

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than a series of objects logically related. Moreover, its existence is a fact which cannot be deduced from anything prior, for the entities which compose it are not logical or scientific necessities. As the English theologian G. F. Wood has remarked, "The movement of actual trains filled with actual people out of Charing Cross Station in the evening is much more than an exercise in formal logic."

AN ORTHODOX Jewish scientist is not, then, so great an anomaly as he appears to be. In "buying" physics, he has not "bought" the metaphysics of the majority of scientists. It is not his intellectual position that is so difficult to maintain, but his social and political situation. He is lonely—hence the Association of Orthodox Jewish Scientists. For the genuine scientist in the organization—I exclude the various technocrats among the membership—there is a serious gap not only between himself and the rest of the scientific community but also between himself and the Orthodox Jewish community. To the Orthodox Jewish scientist, the world he investigates as a scientist is only a mask of reality, the surface texture of the divine creation. To hold such an attitude is to preclude all but the most superficial communication with most other scientists.

But the necessity for discriminating between the apparent and the real also carries over to the faith of the Orthodox scientist and makes his religious commitment a more complex allegiance than that of the pious cloak-and-suiter who does not share or understand his problems. An American rabbi is said to have asked a distinguished Orthodox scholar how he could have become a member of a society whose members were known for atheistic pronouncements. The scholar replied: "It is like this, rabbi. Those with whom I can pray, I cannot talk. Those with whom I can talk, I cannot pray." Rabbi Joseph Soloveichik has written of the loneliness of the follower of *halacha*. The scientist who follows *halacha* is probably the loneliest Jew of all.

A Nostalgia for Swing

Richard Schickel

A FEW MONTHS ago I celebrated —if that's the word I want— my thirty-fifth birthday. I am now forever removed from even the most far-fetched reach of Gen. Lewis B. Hershey and eligible, I discover, for membership in the Nostalgia Book Club. You lose a little, you win a little.

But the fact is that you really don't have to be over thirty-five to enjoy nostalgia. Thanks to the good offices of the mass media, it is excessively available to one and all and it comes in every grade, ranging from the low-comedy variety of the disc jockies who offer "golden oldies" dating all the way back to 1965, up through those throbbingly narrated TV memorials to the movie stars of our childhood, and ending with the higher forms offered by such popular historians as Walter Lord.

We idle here, like the ten thousand Fords in Robert Lowell's "Concord" sonnet, "in search of a tradition." And we believe, at least unconsciously, in Sinclair Lewis's earlier idea involving the same auto, that so "this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon-Ton store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters."

In the same poem Lowell speaks of "the lurch/ For forms to harness Heraclitus' stream," and it seems to me that the prevalence of the nostalgic mode in our popular culture is just that. More: it is an out-of-control swerve. Nostalgia represents an attempt to keep alive the manifestly false belief that history repeats itself and that our present lunacies can be explained and justified by the life of the past. (Whitman: "All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;/ Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.") But ethnocentricity of this kind is nowadays probably a less important source of nostalgia among us than the more and more widespread experience of uprootedness. No one, it seems, is where he is supposed to be any more. Negroes from the rural South crowd the urban ghettos, rubes from the Middle West dominate corporate board rooms, crazies from all over have turned California into the world's largest asylum—and so on and familiarly on. The dictionary defines nostalgia as "homesickness or strong desire for family and friends, in their severe forms producing derangement of mental and physical functions." Sick of home, we left; sick for home, we languish.

But note: we have been an urban culture and a mass-media culture for a long time. The Western movie, the family situation comedy, the classic war and spy stories no longer remind us of the actual history that once inspired these fictions; they refer us instead to their earlier replications in the media. Rod Taylor's or Charlton Heston's prairie loner—how does he compare with Gary Cooper's? Paul Newman's private eye—juxtaposed with the memory of Bogart, who was himself trying to embody Hammett's and Chandler's prototypes—how does he do? And what about those television families? We do not rate them against real families but rather against our memories of Luci and Desi, Ozzie and Harriet, Fibber and Molly.

For the first time in history an art that pretends to seriousness, and is often deadly so—Pop—uses the junk of low culture as raw material and aspires to its transformation into high art, totally reversing the usual filter-down progression of forms and styles in art. We have, in addition, set up a Campground next to the garbage heap of old media styles, pilfering from it for the characteristic humor of this decade. Even those of us who profess abhorrence of or indifference to Camp and Pop can be inveigled into a fast game of Trivia, and will be delighted if we can come up with the names of the actors who played Roddy McDowell's parents in *My Friend Flicka*. (They were Preston Foster and Rita Johnson.)

No wonder, then, that a new breed of reference work has come into being to help us fix and check

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RICHARD SCHICKEL's The Disney Version *was published recently by Simon and Schuster. He is also the editor, with John Simon, of* Film 67-68, *the first in a series of annual anthologies of film criticism.*

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these memories: of old cars, World War I airplanes, antique toys and banks, steam trains and steamboats, fire engines, circuses, the silent film. Such books are to us what family genealogies were to older generations—the palpable record of the heritage that defines us, reassurance that we were marked and formed by history and therefore are logically rather than accidentally what we are. They transform and dignify into a "cultural tradition" what are, after all, merely outdated industrial products.

GEORGE T. SIMON'S *The Big Bands** is a recent example of the breed—at once an encyclopedia, a critical history, and a kind of memorial service for a style of music and a style of musical life now unrevivably dead. Mr. Simon, who used to review the big swing bands for *Metronome* in the mid-30's and 40's, draws heavily here on his files of old notices, and his book is thoroughly infused with the high spirit of the young enthusiast he then was. Thanks partly to this enthusiasm, no matter how sternly one regards the burgeoning of the nostalgia industry, and though by any ordinary standard Mr. Simon's style is execrable in the breezy-bright manner that show-biz trade publications seem compelled to affect, his book does succeed in, shall we say, "wafting" one back to a lost time. Moreover, like many books by and for "buffs," it has a quality too often missing from more widely ranging, slicker social histories: it has passion, driving people like Mr. Simon to prodigies of scholarship and somehow carrying the reader through material he never dreamed could interest him. As a result, *The Big Bands* gave me, at least, something I always wanted and never got—the real inside story of the band business, a sort of super fan magazine between hard covers.

I was just barely old enough to join the teen-agers down at the old Riverside Theater in Milwaukee to hear Tommy Dorsey or Harry James or Benny Goodman when they came through with their bands, and I was definitely not old enough to head for The Eagle's Ballroom to dance to their tunes. Yet, desperately anxious to be as sophisticated as the adolescents on the block, I learned to appreciate "In the Mood," "Stompin' at the Savoy," and all the rest. I went to see *Orchestra Wives, Sun Valley Serenade, The Big Street,* and admired the footloose camaraderie of the bands, imagined the fun, and did not denigrate the much-discussed hardships of one-night stands linked by overnight bus trips—indeed, they were an ingredient of hardship necessary to make any dream viable in America. The whole mystique—the after-hours clubs where you got to play the music you *really* wanted to play; the integrity-ridden leader, fighting to play *his* kind of music and being turned down by cigar-chomping managers; the girl singer who sticks by him; the Bunny Berrigan type drowning his talent in a bottle; the ultimate triumph, setting the house record at the Paramount or playing Carnegie Hall: life seen as a B-movie plot. And yet, here I sit reading this foolish book and it all comes back—more richly evocative, somehow, than some of my truer romances.

Media fads, no less than powerful fictions, have their real consequences. *Item*: unmusical, unable to carry a tune, I studied the drums for three or four years, was indulged in an expensive set of them and assiduously, and without a shard of talent, accompanied records on them, played marches in a conservatory and a school orchestra and, exactly like those movie characters, dreamed of playing "my" kind of music somewhere else (except that I really hated to practice and didn't know what my kind of music was). *Item*: making up a gift package for a cousin serving in the navy, I carefully tucked in a copy of a fan magazine—*Band Leaders*—because we shared an enthusiasm for, I think, Tommy Dorsey. *Item*: Another, more distant cousin, named Ken Harvey, was widely believed to be the second greatest banjo player in the "world" (a five-state area known to Col. McCormick as "Chicagoland," in which everybody knew Eddie Peabody was the very greatest). I was taken, one lunchtime, to the Schroeder Hotel ballroom to hear Harvey's band play, and he dedicated a song to our table and at a break joined us, jut-jawed and wavy-haired and falsely charming. At the time, meeting a real band leader was so important an experience that I can to this day feel a bit let down at finding that his band was apparently so irredeemably Mickey Mouse—to use a term generic to outfits playing sweet and styleless in the midlands—that he does not rate so much as a mention in Mr. Simon's compendium.

Still, virtually everything else anyone could conceivably want to know about the decade called the Age of Swing is here, and I have only admiration for the way Mr. Simon keeps track of the personnel changes that often led to the rise and decline of the bands' relative fortunes; they split and recreated themselves with amoeba-like regularity and the scholarship it takes to follow the comings and goings of those all-important anonymities, the sidemen, is as difficult as the effort it requires to trace the intermarryings of European royal houses. Mr. Simon is occasionally—but not often enough—good on other kinds of interrelations, too: the one between the personality of a leader and the style and quality of the music the band played, for instance (surprisingly, the most memorable orchestras were those led not by mere front men or businessmen, but by top musicians). Nor does he ignore the most important interrelationship of all, the one between the economics of show business and the kind of music the bands played.

Ultimately, however, *The Big Bands* is a book for buffs, written for the already convinced, and addressing itself not at all to any question involving the value or quality of swing. Consider, for example, what Mr. Simon does *not* say about swing. It was, from the evidence he spreads erratically before us, a mode more compromised from the start than he can bring himself to admit. It sought to inject into popular music—gone sweet, slushy, and cute in the Whiteman era—the precise attack, the solid driving beat of traditional jazz without sacrificing the attractive choral effects a large or-

* Macmillan, 537 pp., $9.95.

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chestra could make. It also attempted to make room within this carefully arranged music for riffs, those highly individualized improvisations that also lay deep in the heart of dixie. The combination worked for a while, especially in the most musicianly bands, and the sound of such a group in full cry today seems the most characteristic sound of the depression decade. After all, the whole society was trying to preserve the opportunity for riffing—otherwise known as private initiative. Extending the analogy, it could be said that swing in its own way suffered from some of the inner defects of the New Deal: it tried to be too many things to too many people. Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Freddy Martin at various times in various ways attempted to move up into the concert halls, a few of them even trying companionate marriages with the symphonic forms. By contrast, some of the other leaders, notably Tommy Dorsey with his Clambake Seven and Bob Crosby with his whole group, emphasized the old, low Dixieland heritage. The sweet bands, which in truth outnumbered all the others, clung to the soft-edged dance styles, while the entertainment bands (Sammy Kaye, Horace Heidt, Kay Kaiser, Ozzie Nelson) had no style at all, merely providing forgettable background music and occasionally personnel (remember Ish Kabibble?) for the shows that went on in front of them. Musical invention was confined to a very few bands and even that, as Mr. Simon does tell us, could choke off a band's growth; one hit record and the band was forced to imitate it forever.

Mr. Simon never really comes to grips with the implications of what he is saying. He is, of course—more than most of us—entitled to his nostalgia since swing was truly central to the formation of his sensibility, central to the character of the obviously nice young man he was in the 1930's. Clearly, there is a part of me that agrees with this uncritical approach—else why would I have felt compelled to unburden my much more trivial memories here.

Finally, however, the adult in us must rebel. There is something too soft, too blurry, about the nostalgic mode. Could he not at least have tried selective sentiment?

Swing, Mr. Simon tells us, was killed by the war, which siphoned off many of the best sidemen into the armed forces, and by the strike James C. Petrillo called against the recording companies in 1942. Unable to use bands, the latter turned to the singers, who were not on strike, and for a year the bands simply could not reach the mass audience. And so swing died. It is a neatly rational explanation, but I don't think it suffices. If swing's hold on the public had become so feeble by 1942 that it could be loosened in a short year, other factors must have contributed to its quick demise. Possibly, the singers suited the mood of a nation tired of over-orchestrated group efforts, ready for a lonelier, less intrusive, more insinuating sort of music. (The solo singer has, similarly, been replaced in our time by the small group, the sound of which is usually electronically augmented or at least amplifed, and which is clearly analogous to our preferred social and even political forms.) There is, in short, more here than meets the nostalgia-blurred eye—more room for speculation, more room for theorizing, more room for critical judgments: in other words, for the kind of thinking the historical approach to a subject would demand.

History dignifies and nostalgia degrades, and it is the act of evaluating, of passing judgments both detailed and general, that separates the former from the latter. In asking that popular culture be approached historically, one is not asking the impossible, only the improbable. One thinks of Robert Warshow cheerfully admitting that "in some way I take all that nonsense seriously" and within the framework of affection going about the critical-historical task with unsurpassed firmness and coming out with a series of essays on the media indispensible to understanding the main currents of recent American unconsciousness. More recently, Pauline Kael has given us an emotionally true film history by using the formation of her own sensibility as a means of examining—shrewdly, with unsentimental sentiment—the formation of a whole generation's sensibility in the absurd theaters of our communal adolescence. As a result, she is the critic least often fooled by new fads and fashions.

Nostalgia is such a fragile thing, so difficult to transfer unbroken from one psyche to another. My wife, for example, is three years younger than I am, just young enough, as it happens, to have missed the excitement swing originally generated. For her, it has no emotional overtones and for understanding she must depend on her ears alone. Listening with her, I began to think she was right in her feeling that swing is dull and boring, and so I personally carried my collection of swing records to the trash pile, with scarcely a murmur of protest, reason being to nostalgia as wind is to fog. The records, like Mr. Simon's book, gave me mild pleasure, but in the end, the styles of the past are *only* historically interesting. Which is the one thing the committed nostalgist rarely is.

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A Jewish Community

JEWISH IDENTITY ON THE SUBURBAN FRONTIER: A STUDY OF GROUP SURVIVAL IN THE OPEN SOCIETY (The Lakeville Studies, Volume 1.) By MARSHALL SKLARE and JOSEPH GREENBLUM. *Basic Books. 362 pp. $11.50.*

Reviewed by NATHAN GLAZER

"LAKEVILLE" IS a suburb of a Midwest metropolis, with a population of twenty-five thousand, a quarter of whom are Jews. It is an old suburb, which grew rapidly in the years after World War II, and as a result its Jewish community consists of old families and new, of Jews of German origin and Jews of East European origin, of substantial numbers of third- and fourth-generation Jews as well as members of the second generation and even the first. More than ten years ago, it was selected by the then Director of the Division of Scientific Research of the American Jewish Committee, Marshall Sklare, for an intensive study of Jewish identity and Jewish-Gentile relations. The interviews out of which *Jewish Identity on the Suburban Frontier* (and the companion work, *The Edge of Friendliness*, by Benjamin Ringer) came were conducted in 1957-8.

TODAY, one is not aware in the slightest that one is reading a study based on ten-year-old data. The suburb of ten years ago was indeed the frontier for American Jews; the affluent first movers of the years after World War II have now been joined by the main body of American Jewry, so that to read about Lakeville in the late 50's is to read about all American Jews in the late 60's. The questions raised are the most serious that can be asked about American Jews as a religious group. The answers Dr. Sklare gives are the most solidly founded, most carefully worked out, we possess. The Lakeville study must be the starting-point for all serious discussion of American Judaism for some time to come.

The central paradox of this study of American Jewish identity is familiar: at a time when Jewish religious observance (which throughout history was always the chief mark of Jewishness) has reached a remarkably low level, we nevertheless find that Jewish commitment—no matter how defined, and we discover from this book that it is often defined as nothing more than the *acceptance* of Jewish identity, no matter how *that* is defined—stands at as high a level as it has ever stood in the modern world.

This was already apparent in the first studies of the postwar period. Jewish identity had been emptied of virtually all traditional content, and yet Jewish identity had remained. If in some respects the story of American Jewry paralleled that of Jewish assimilation in Western and Central Europe, there was also a startling change in some of the leading variables. The French or German or Hungarian Jew moved from an Orthodoxy that had lost relevance in the modern world to Reform Judaism or conversion. The commandments were no problem: he could shed them easily once they had lost meaning for him. His problem was rather that the Gentile world insisted on his identity as a Jew, even if he had adopted the Christian religion. One would have thought that much the same process would inevitably take hold in the United States as well. Here too traditional religion lost its meaning, the Jewish community became prosperous, its involvement in the general society became more and more significant and obvious—and yet here Reform Judaism became steadily more traditional, conversion was scarcely heard of, Jewish identity survived in full force.

Sklare presents some striking material on this mystery. When he asked his respondents what they considered essential to being a good Jew, 93 per cent answered, "lead[ing] an ethical and moral life"; 85 per cent said that one must "accept his being a good Jew and not try to hide it," 67 per cent that the good Jew "must support all humanitarian causes," and the same number that he must "promote civic betterment and improvement in the community"; 59 per cent chose as their answer, "gain respect of Christian neighbors," 58 per cent, "help the underprivileged improve their lot," 48 per cent "know the fundamentals of Judaism," and 44 per cent "work for equality for Negroes." Only one per cent voted for the dietary laws as essential to being a good Jew. As Sklare says, Judaism is defined in moralistic rather than sacramental terms.

And yet if we were to conclude that the essentials of Jewishness had been reduced by the respondents to a series of platitudinous humanitarian sentiments, we would be quite wrong. This set of responses, after all, represents what people say; what they do, as described in the bulk of the study, argues strongly that part of being a good Jew consists for them in giving their children a Jewish education, joining a synagogue, supporting Jewish causes (especially Israel), and showing some concern over intermarriage. Thus, if in considering the content of Jewish commitment in America we begin from behavior rather than from choices on a check list, we find a somewhat different picture emerging. It is true that "sacramentalism" has all but gone: 5 per cent use kosher meat; 6 per cent attend services weekly. Yet not all sacraments—which is to say, observances—have been decaying at the same rate. One of the most interesting sets of statistics in the

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NATHAN GLAZER, *a contributor of long standing, is professor of sociology at Berkeley. His article, "The New Left and Its Limits," appeared in our July issue.*

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study shows that while *almost* every observance has fallen off, there is one which has registered an increase (lighting Hanukkah candles —60 per cent of the respondents' parents, 68 per cent of the respondents themselves), another which has suffered hardly any decline at all (the Passover Seder—67 per cent of the parents, 60 per cent of the respondents), and still others which have remained fairly stable (the Friday night Kiddush and candles).

BUT THESE are not the only curious changes. The diversity in practice of the parents has been succeeded by a growing uniformity among the children. The children of very observant parents, of course, observe less; but the children of non-observant parents observe more. In other words, the general level of observance has fallen sharply at the same time as a kind of consensus in practice regarding a reasonable measure of observance has emerged. Thus, for example, synagogue attendance has suffered a catastrophic decline, but a consensual minimum attendance at Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur services has been established.

Interestingly enough, however, there is some support here for the idea that we are not involved in a straight-line decline in observance and synagogue attendance. I suggested this in an essay in COMMENTARY twenty years ago, and Will Herberg emphasized the same point in his argument, following Marcus L. Hansen's thesis, for a third-generation return to the ethnic or religious heritage. The Lakeville study makes the first direct empirical test of this third-generation hypothesis, measuring levels of home observance and synagogue attendance by generation, for both East European and German Jews. In the case of the former the evidence is clear: moving from the second to the third generation we find a slight upturn in home observance, and a reduced rate of decline in synagogue attendance. For the German Jews, the change comes in the step from the third to the fourth generation, and is more marked. Hence while we do not have any strong evidence for a specifically third-generation "return" to the religious and cultural patterns of the grandparents, we do have evidence of a check, in the third or later generations, to the complete disappearance of the traditional patterns.

So, as against the expectation of a steady assimilation and eventual disappearance of the Jews in America, we have powerful indications of a stabilization at a relatively low level of observance and synagogue attendance. In view of the fact that the Jewish religion in any traditional sense exerts no attraction for contemporary Jews, that American society is open to them, and that conversion is an ever-present option (the Unitarian minister in Lakeville estimated that in one-third of the families in his congregation husband or wife or both were Jewish converts), the questions now become: what is it that maintains even this minimal level, and can we expect it to continue?

As to the first question: there is hardly any doubt from the evidence in this book that the ethnic character of the Jewish community is one of the major, or perhaps the major, prop to the maintenance of Jewish identity. If we could distinguish the ethnic from the religious—a difficult enough enterprise in America, where the two are so closely associated, and even more difficult in the case of the Jews—then we would have to say that the specifically religious elements in Jewish life play a very small role in maintaining Jewish identity. In Lakeville, Jews are kept together by family links, common cultural traits, certain special interests, and a distinct emotional atmosphere which most of them find comfortable and meaningful. The great majority of Jews in Lakeville (and this is a community of professionals and businessmen with a median family income eleven years ago of $18,000) have no close friends other than Jews. Seven out of ten belong to Jewish organizations not sponsored by a synagogue. Two-thirds are members of synagogues—most of the remainder will become members when their children are old enough to attend religious schools, or were members while their children attended religious schools.

Looked at from the perspective of religion, the situation seems odd; looked at from the perspective of American ethnic groups, it seems normal. Is the friendship pattern of American Italians, who arrived in this country at roughly the same time and in the same numbers as Jews, markedly different from the one we find among Jews? I suspect not. The concern with the "gilded ghetto" may be a product of the high level of Jewish self-consciousness and Jewish self-study; if we had similar studies of other groups, the United States would no doubt show us a number of such ghettos.

MUCH OF WHAT I have been saying thus far is part of an old discussion, in large measure familiar from such books as Will Herberg's *Protestant, Catholic, Jew,* and my own *American Judaism.* The special virtues of the Lakeville study are to bring empirical research to the support of hypotheses that were proposed some time ago, and to clarify, in a way no one has previously been able to do, the interrelations of generation, descent, Jewish observance and belief, organizational and friendship patterns, and ideological and religious viewpoints.

But the most original part of the book is its study of the five temples and synagogues of Lakeville. Nowhere, so far as I know, in the literature of American religious sociology do we have an analysis in such depth of the congregational pattern of an American community, and there is certainly no such account of the congregational pattern of an American Jewish community. And the analysis does come up with something new. American Jewry is generally seen, and properly, as becoming more and more homogeneous—in income, in occupation, in political and social outlook. We find fewer and fewer poor Jews, working-class Jews, socialist and Yiddishist Jews. The suburban synagogue, which arouses little interest, whether among sociologists or theologians, seems to have become the predominant institution in American Jewish life. But examining this institution in fine detail, Sklare discovers that here, at least,

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is an area in which the trend toward the homogenization of Jewish life has been reversed. The five synagogues he analyzes are different not only in the obvious social characteristics we would expect (such as the economic level of members), but also in ideology and outlook. And however these differences may look to the outsider, they seem to be taken seriously enough by the people involved so that they will leave one synagogue to join or start another.

There are four Reform temples and one Conservative synagogue in Lakeville. The Reform congregations are remarkable in their range. There is the big temple which was once Classical Reform, and which, in line with the majority tendency within that movement, is now Neo-Reform. In opposition to this change, a new Classical Reform congregation grew out of the local chapter of the American Council for Judaism. A third Reform temple is distinguished by a membership and a rabbi with a strong interest in social reform, to which in recent years has been added the intellectual and theological interests that have taken hold within a good part of the Jewish upper middle class; here one comes upon such features as existentialist sermons and a prayer drawn from Kafka. Finally, among the four Reform temples is one that represents a lower brow level, a lower level of wealth than the others, a closer connection to the East European past, and a greater degree of easy congeniality—we might call this last variant "*heimish* Reform." Alongside all these is one large Conservative synagogue, in which the varying tendencies and conflicts within that branch of American Judaism are all represented.

This variety of congregational types strikes me as intriguing and puzzling. If religion means little to American Jews, and if the synagogue and temple and its associated schools are serving only the function of maintaining a minimum identity, why should the particular character of the institution matter at all? In England, it is possible for a highly assimilated community to support very traditional synagogues—one might say that

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the synagogue doesn't mean enough to be worth reforming. But apparently in American Jewish suburbia the synagogue is important enough to be worth reforming, which means running building campaigns, setting up schools, participating in the time-consuming search for the rabbi who represents exactly the shade of religious practice and thought the congregation prefers, working out new rituals and services. One thing this unexpected development undoubtedly means is that prosperous, self-made, and self-confident men will insist on shaping their own institutions, and will not follow a pattern merely because it was handed down from the past or from denominational headquarters. For the rest, I am not sure what to make of this increasing heterogeneity of American Jewish religious practice.

THE SUBJECT OF intermarriage naturally comes up in the book—not its reality, for unfortunately the sample, owing to the nature of the study, excluded intermarried couples, but rather the expectations of the respondents, what they think their children might do, and how they would react to it. A majority think it possible that their children will marry non-Jews; most would be very or somewhat unhappy at the prospect; most, it appears, would argue against it, and almost all would in the end accept it. Despite the wide variety of non-traditional traits that Lakeville accepts as essential to being a good Jew, there is still a great deal of traditional feeling at work among the Jews of the town. As Sklare writes: "At the present moment the Lakeville Jews remain consideraby more Jewish in action than in thought." This is clear from their participation in synagogue and temple despite the "universalism" of their stated religious views, from the fact that most of their philanthropic contributions go into Jewish channels despite their stated distaste for the parochial, and from their uneasiness over the possibility of intermarriage despite their commitment to the primacy of romantic love and human equality.

Sklare does not conceal his unhappiness at the degree to which traditional Jewish thought and commitment have eroded. Someone else might be surprised at the degree to which the structure of action remains strong. Obviously there is something of a contradiction here, and no one can predict whether the present equilibrium will sustain itself through another generation. But this study serves as the best guide we have to the complex pattern of reconciliation that the present generation has evolved.

Fabianism

BEATRICE WEBB: A LIFE, 1858-1943. By KITTY MUGGERIDGE and RUTH ADAM. *Knopf. 271 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

IN AN EARLIER biography, Margaret Cole, a long-time friend and political associate, wrote that Beatrice Webb, like "happy countries," had "almost no personsonal history." There is a sense in which this is true: the story of Mrs. Webb's life is significantly the history of her times. But it was nonetheless an exceedingly personal history and what is fascinating to watch is the transmutation of that personal history into a social history of such moment to her contemporaries and to ourselves. It is also fascinating to watch what biographers of different political bent make of that personal and social history.

One episode of that personal history, which any biographer might be expected to relish, is the affair of (not quite with) Joseph Chamberlain. Beatrice Potter was twenty-five when she met and fell in love with Chamberlain, then forty-seven, an attractive, dapper Member of Parliament who gave promise of repeating on the national stage the phenomenal success he had had as mayor of Birmingham. He proposed to her and she very reluctantly declined after he made it clear that he expected from his wife total subservience of intellect and will. Yet she continued to cherish a great passion for him in spite of the indecent haste and obvious relief with which he transferred his attentions to a more docile young lady, and even after her own marriage to the much younger (younger than herself) and considerably less personable Sidney Webb.

With something of the same haste and relief with which Chamberlain had dismissed Beatrice, Mrs. Cole, in her biography, dismissed the thought of Chamberlain. The marriage, she was convinced, would have been a disaster: "Except for the very remote contingency that Beatrice as a stepmother might have some influence for good upon his son Neville, there seems nothing to be said in its favor." Beatrice would have had to witness Chamberlain's deterioration from a "radical to an imperialist," and she would have had to give up her own role as "social investigator" in order to assume the uncongenial one of "political hostess." "The Socialist and social student," Mrs. Cole gratefully concluded her two-page account, "cannot but be profoundly grateful" that Beatrice chose to become Mrs. Webb, the "joint leader and maker of Socialist thought," instead of the "comparatively useless and certainly miserable" Mrs. Chamberlain.

It is the great virtue of the present biographers, Kitty Muggeridge and Ruth Adam, that they do not pretend to know their subject better than she knew herself. In place of Mrs. Cole's grudging two pages, we are given the chapter that corresponds more closely to the importance of the episode in her life. Nor is there here any attempt to cut Beatrice down to size, the size deemed seemly to the respectable "Socialist and social student." Beatrice's infatuation is seen for what it was: an infatuation with Chamberlain precisely as a public figure—a "desperate clutch at power, power to impress and lead," as she herself confessed. Had Mrs. Muggeridge and Mrs. Adam cared to take issue with previous biographers, they might have pointed out that the very qualities of a

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Mrs. Chamberlain that Mrs. Cole found incongruent for Mrs. Webb were, in fact, most characteristic of Mrs. Webb. For it was precisely Beatrice Webb's forte to be both imperialist and radical, both political hostess and social investigator, and (like Chamberlain, which is perhaps why she could not marry him) both authoritarian and radical.

WE MUST also be grateful to the present biographers for restoring the "personal history" that Mrs. Cole had dismissed so cavalierly. Mrs. Muggeridge is uniquely qualified to do this, since she knew Beatrice Webb not only as the "joint leader and maker of Socialist thought" but also as "Aunt Bo," her mother's older sister. Happily, Mrs. Muggeridge is not content simply to exploit this relationship. Instead of the picturesque and eccentric Aunt Bo who would have made for good Sunday-supplement reading, we are given Aunt Bo-*cum*-Mrs. Webb, a single persona whose private and public identities were, as they are not always, peculiarly similar. When Aunt Bo reproaches Kitty Muggeridge's parents for leading a vain and idle existence in the playgrounds of Europe, one hears the voice of Mrs. Webb threatening to legislate out of the Socialist Commonwealth the parasites of society. When her guests rise hungrily from her meager dinner-table to engage in the purposeful conversation in which she firmly directs them, one realizes how entirely in keeping this is with the austere regimen of life and labor she would have imposed on the citizens of her good society. And the unobtrusive attendance at these dinner parties of the proper complement of properly attired servants recalls her conception of the ideal social order, in which an equality, preferably a minimal equality, of goods would cohere with a substantial inequality of persons.

Mrs. Muggeridge,* then, in invoking the memory of Aunt Bo, is also restoring the portrait of Mrs. Webb. Curiously enough, however, her work of restoration depends more upon political perspicuity than upon personal knowledge. This is, indeed, her great advantage over Mrs. Cole. Thus Mrs. Cole, in her history of Fabianism, felt obliged to relegate a large measure of Fabian thought and policy to the dubious status of "aberrances." "Fabian 'Aberrances'" was the title of the chapter describing their approval of imperialism, protectionism, and church-controlled education; and any irony conveyed by the quotation marks was dispelled by the text. And other Fabian characteristics—their antipathy to women's suffrage, trade-unionism, even democracy and liberty—appear under the same aspect of aberrations or anomalies. Mrs. Muggeridge has no need for such a category because she has no political illusions

* For the sake of simplicity, I shall use "Mrs. Muggeridge" to stand for both authors, partly because she is evidently the senior author and partly because she provides the personal details that are one of the distinctions of this book. (The introduction is signed by her alone.)

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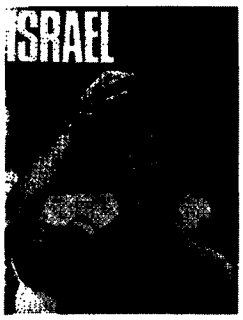

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or commitments. She does not think it necessary to justify Fabianism in terms of socialism, and she does not assume that either Fabianism or socialism is a repository of all political virtue and wisdom. There are no "aberrances" in her account but only a clear perception of what Fabianism actually was.

WHAT IT actually was may be illustrated by the Minority Poor Law of 1909, a major document in Beatrice Webb's life and, indeed, in recent English history. The opening paragraph of Mrs. Muggeridge's chapter on this subject unfortunately echoes the familiar claim of Mrs. Cole and other commentators that Beatrice Webb "lived to see most of her ideas accepted, in the Beveridge Report of 1942, but died before they were implemented in postwar Britain." Fortunately the rest of the chapter redeems this lapse and effectively belies this claim. As against the common view that Beatrice Webb revolutionized our view of the poor by demolishing the old moralistic, paternalistic, authoritarian attitudes, we are presented here with her own unambiguous statement of first principles: "What has to be aimed at is not this or that improvement in material circumstances or physical comfort but an improvement in personal character." Under her plan medical aid would have been available to all—and would have had to be availed of by all whether they wished it or not. Patients would not have been free to choose their doctors nor, by the same token, free to reject their advice; the compulsion to take the prescribed medicine or undergo the recommended operation would have been as absolute as the similar compulsion to accept a proffered job at the Labor Exchange She did not specify the punishment for a recalcitrant patient, but she did specify that for the recalcitrant unemployed: "If it was discovered by actual observation of the man's present behavior that there was in him a grave moral defect not otherwise remediable, he would have to submit himself, in a detention colony, to a treatment which would be at once curative and deterrent."

Long before this attempt to devise a comprehensive program for the prevention and cure of all social ills, when Beatrice Webb was still Beatrice Potter and had only begun to dabble in social work, she explained that she was "not led into the homes of the poor by the spirit of charity," but rather by the "time-spirit"—a sense of what was historically appropriate. Her methods were to change but not her motivation. She is generally praised for her efforts in "breaking up the Old Poor Law"—that is, separating out the several categories of the old, the sick, the unemployed, the neglected children, etc., and creating new agencies to deal with each. This was her declared intent and in part her achievement. Yet had her scheme prevailed in its original form and impulse, she would have succeeded in undermining the most crucial distinctions among these groups. Where the "spirit of charity," or simple compassion, obliges us to distinguish, differentiate, individualize, her "time-spirit" would have dissolved the whole into one mass of misfits to be whipped into shape by society. Her argument for compulsory medical aid—compulsory not only for the poor but for all those who were judged to be sick—was based on the explicit assumption that sickness was "a public nuisance to be suppressed in the interests of the community." The interests of the community, not of the sick. And the moralism that pervaded her attitude to sick, old, unemployed, and children alike had the same communal basis. It was a moral commitment to society rather than to the particular unfortunates who were being assisted—or rather to the time-spirit of society, the *Zeitgeist* that tells us that such "public nuisances" as sickness, laziness, or neglect need no longer be tolerated, that society had reached that positivist stage (her affinity to Comte has not been properly appreciated) where life could finally be organized, rationalized, perfected.

IN FACT, the time-spirit eluded Beatrice Webb, as it eludes most of those who pursue it too ardently. Her basic principle did not prevail in her time nor, contrary to popular impression, was it "accepted" in the Beveridge Report and "implemented" since then. On the contrary, it was the principle of her opponents, the principle of "social insurance" advocated by Lloyd George and the young Winston Churchill, that won out then and is with us today. And Beatrice Webb bitterly opposed the idea of social insurance for the very reason that people then and now find it so attractive: its "unconditionality," the fact that it makes relief an unconditional right.

> I tried to impress on them that any grant from the community to the individual, beyond what it does for all, ought to be conditional on better conduct and that any insurance scheme had the fatal defect that the state got nothing for its money—that the persons felt they had a right to the allowance whatever their conduct.
>
> The sickness insurance is wholly bad and I cannot see how malingering can be staved off. . . . What the government shirks is the extension of *treatment* and *disciplinary* supervision—they want merely some mechanical way of increasing the money income of the wage-earning class in times of unemployment and sickness. No attempt is made to secure an advance in conduct in return for the increased income. [Italics in original.]

In contrast to her opponents, Beatrice Webb is generally credited with a comprehensive, consistent scheme of reform that went to the roots of the problem and proposed radical solutions to it. There is some truth in this image, but a partial truth that may obscure the larger truth. The Minority Report was comprehensive, consistent, and radical, but this is not necessarily to say that it was what we would now regard as "progressive." And while Beatrice Webb advertised it as being more concerned with "prevention" than "cure," with the "causes" of social ills rather than their mere "relief," she knew as little about prevention or causes as anyone else (she was notably ignorant of and even uninterested in the economic analysis of unemployment), so that, in the end, like everyone else, she was forced to

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settle for some system of relief. The issue between her and her opponents was between two systems of relief, and the fact that one was more thoroughgoing than the other does not necessarily make it the more meritorious. At the same time that Mrs. Webb was insisting upon the principle of conditionality, Winston Churchill was putting forward the dissenting view:

> I do not feel convinced that we are entitled to refuse benefits to a qualified man who loses his employment through drunkenness. He has paid his contributions; he has insured himself against unemployment, and I think it arguable that his foresight should be rewarded irrespective of the cause of his dismissal, whether he has lost his situation through his own habits of intemperance or through his employer's habits of intemperance. I do not like mixing up moralities and mathematics.
>
> A disposition to overindulgence in alcohol, a hot temper, a bad manner, a capricious employer, a financially unsound employer, a new process in manufacturing, a contraction in trade, are all alike factors in the risk. Our concern is with the evil not with the causes. With the fact of unemployment, not with the character of the unemployed.

Which, I wonder, strikes us now as the more humane as well as the more modern view?

In the space of a relatively brief biography (it makes such interesting reading that it seems briefer than in fact it is), Mrs. Muggeridge can hardly tell us as much as we would like to know about this or similar matters. And we would like to know a great deal more, partly because we have so much to unlearn, and partly because the Webbs occupy an important place in recent intellectual and social history. It is not easy to define their importance or their place. On the one hand, like Bentham (whom Beatrice aptly described as "Sidney's intellectual godfather"), the Webbs were not in the mainstream of English thought or of English social policy. On the other hand, again like Bentham, they had a peculiar attraction for English intellectuals and policy-makers, as if they represented an ideal to be preserved and cherished however much it might be violated in mind and fact. It is time that we inquired more closely into both the ideal and the fact.

Unsentimental Journey

A CAB AT THE DOOR: A MEMOIR. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Random House. 244 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT KIELY

IT IS A great pleasure to read V. S. Pritchett's *A Cab At The Door*. The book is filled with charm, good nature, and intelligent wit—old-fashioned virtues—and, especially considering what one usually gets in memoirs these days, there is a curious absence of egotism and anxiety in the work. Mr. Pritchett has the grace and good sense not to assume the role of the *important* man writing an *important* book about the *important* people in his *important* past. Nothing is being advertised or peddled here—not an image of the self nor a theory of life. Readers will not learn how to succeed in journalism or how to overcome a difficult childhood. Mr. Pritchett relaxes into his past and presents the reader with the reflections of an intelligent and sympathetic mind at ease with itself. His very choice of the memoir as a form, rather than a strictly chronological autobiographical narrative, reflects his intention to wander rather freely where memory and inclination take him.

The unapologetic tendency to wander affects his style and tone as well as his subject matter. Whole sections of the book are constructed like episodes in a novel and are composed of quoted dialogue, physical details, and observations about gestures and attitudes which are not likely to have stayed in the mind of a child five minutes—nor to have remained in that form in the mind of a mature man. Mr. Pritchett alternates between re-creations of "how it must have been" and keen recollections of "how it was." The subject of the book is not his child-

ROBERT KIELY *is associate professor of English at Harvard.*

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hood and early youth but his *memory* of childhood and early youth. Since memory works in a variety of ways—retaining some things dramatically and verbally, others visually, and still others rather vaguely and emotionally—the book sometimes reads like fiction, sometimes like biography, and sometimes like undirected reminiscence. The writer tries to follow the contours of his own mind rather than those of a particular literary genre.

The subjects on which the author focuses change nearly as often as his narrative tone. Those who know Mr. Pritchett's work as a literary critic, novelist, short story writer, lecturer, and editor may expect him to dwell on his formation as a man of letters. There is, of course, some of this in the book. We hear of his youthful feelings of being "dogged" by Ruskin and his early discovery of Marie Corelli whose *Master Christian* he found "more moving than Shakespeare and more intelligible than *Thanatopsis*." We hear of his being "converted to prose" by secretly reading through his father's International Library of Famous Literature which he and the other children were forbidden to touch. He mentions his taste for the irony of Thackeray and Hardy and his identification with the characters of Dickens's London, but such references are occasional and rather whimsical. They certainly do not well up magisterially nor are they used as solemn signposts to a magnificent destiny. Mr. Pritchett means it when he talks about his fondness for irony—and he is quite as willing to exercise his irreverent wit on himself as on any other subject:

> I read that Wordsworth had been poet laureate: this was the ideal. To my usual nightly prayers that the house should not catch fire and that no burglar should break in, I added a line urging God to make me poet laureate "before I am twenty-one." This prayer lasted until I was sixteen.

BUT PERHAPS even more surprising than the detachment with which he can speak of himself as a boy and young man is the fact that he so often gives himself a role of only secondary importance in comparison with other characters in his family. In the early parts of the narrative, it is his paternal grandfather who plays the leading part. The youngest son of a fishing family in Hull, Grandfather Pritchett grew up in poverty, ran off to join the Army (from which he was dismissed for firing on a pleasure yacht during artillery practice), and returned to a life of hard manual labor. With the help of a pious spinster he was sent to a theological college in Nottingham and became a Congregationalist minister. He married above his station—his wife was the daughter of a Yorkshire tailor—and settled in a small parsonage in Repton. From there, he and his family moved to various parishes in Yorkshire and were regularly visited by their grandchildren. The descriptions of these visits are wonderful evocations of childhood impressions—the smell of the grandmother's jam tarts and scones, the aching hardness of an oak pew during a long sermon, the rays of sunlight shining through the small window panes in the parlor—all somehow presided over by the harsh and pious grandfather who loved the resonance of his own voice and who shaved so close on Sunday morning that his jaw would bleed.

Another relative who intrigued the young Pritchett was his great-uncle Arthur, a cabinet-maker, who lived near the gas works in York. The life and temperament of this man were in such contrast to those of his grandfather that they took on a strange, almost exotic, quality in the boy's eyes. The house was cluttered and stuffy, the wife large-boned and good-natured, and the man himself a bandy-legged, sallow, kinky-haired creature who was forever on a ladder hammering something or talking about his favorite book which was Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Great-uncle Arthur was a cantankerous atheist and the explosive arguments or cold silences between him and the older Pritchett were the dramatic highlights of most family visits.

Despite the shifts in tone and emphasis, there is one figure in the book which overshadows all the rest—and that is the author's father. He keeps cropping up even when it almost seems that Mr. Pritchett would prefer to give his attention to someone else. He is a kind of magnetic center to which all things in the boy's early life keep tending. Even the portraits of the grandfather and great-uncle appear, in retrospect, as practice exercises, sketches, or shading in preparation for the masterwork. And in its way, Mr. Pritchett's portrait of his father is a masterly thing. The whole method of the memoir is so casual and unpretentious that it would be difficult to point to great scenes in which the father's character is captured in its essence. That perhaps is one of the points the book makes—that our sense of those to whom we are closest is a result of a fragmented accumulation of details hardly noted as they happen. And then one day when we try to talk about ourselves, we find that we cannot do it without continual reference

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to another person. Mr. Pritchett keeps coming back to his father because he is trying to come back to himself as he once was.

WALTER SAWDON PRITCHETT was a businessman of sorts though he appears to have been unsuited for any sustained or organized financial enterprize. He was forever borrowing money and losing it, setting up new shops, moving his family from one shabby place to another (hence, the title about the cab at the door). He charmed women, loved fancy clothes, and was easily put in a good mood by a rich meal at a fashionable restaurant. Yet with his family, he was often hard and outrageously temperamental. He condescended to his wife, took her nowhere, and allowed no guests in the house. He bullied and terrorized his sons, humiliated them in public, and belittled their achievements. He was ashamed of their failures and jealous of their successes. And yet for all his vanity and brittleness and pomposity, he was passionately attached to his family and, as the young Pritchett gradually came to realize, had a possessive side to his nature which was more maternal than anything in their mother. He was a man full of contradictions, yet the note he strikes is always somehow grand and impressive in the eyes of his son. His mysterious conversion to Christian Science is described as a kind of opulent luxury:

> It struck us as rather fine. Just as he went to the theater, stayed at big hotels, went to small restaurants, for our sake, as if we had sent him there in order to save ourselves the trouble of it, so we felt about his friendship with Mrs. Eddy. She would get a good deal out of it. We felt proud of him.

His disapproval of his son's interest in literature is seen as part of his sense of grandeur:

> He wanted—in fancy only—to found a dynasty in business; and he heard no word of money in writing poetry . . . . He was a perfectionist. He was also an egotist who had identified himself—as indeed I was doing—with an ideal state of things.

Even the purchase of used furniture is carried out with a flourish:

> Father was apt when buying something, to order two of it; so we now doubled up wardrobes and chests. We had two grandfather clocks for a while, also two pianos.

Mr. Pritchett is not sentimental about his father; indeed, he finds more to criticize and laugh about in him than to praise. And yet near the end of the book, when the young man stands on the platform of Victoria station waiting for the boat-train to Calais, he realizes that leaving his father and leaving his early youth are one and the same thing. As in the rest of the book, nothing sensational or climactic really happens. Father and son stand together talking nervously about the train ticket and fare, each deeply touched and each unable to say so. It is a very moving scene and it makes the reader recognize, with almost as much surprise as the boy, the worth of all that has gone before. Somewhere, amidst the whimsy and informality, the memoir has become a work of art.

The Eatherly Case

BURNING CONSCIENCE. By CLAUDE EATHERLY and GUNTHER ANDERS. *Monthly Review Press. 139 pp. $4.00.*

THE HIROSHIMA PILOT. By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE. *Putnam. 318 pp. $5.95.*

DARK STAR. By RONNIE DUGGER. *World. 254 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

CLAUDE EATHERLY was the reconnaissance pilot who on August 6, 1945 ordered the message sent to the plane carrying the atom bomb that weather conditions made Hiroshima a satisfactory target. (The following sum-

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GEORGE P. ELLIOTT *reviewed* New Directions 19 *in our June 1967 issue. Mr. Elliott's most recent book is* An Hour of Last Things.

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mer at Bikini, Eatherly, while piloting a plane into a mushroom cloud in order to acquire scientific information, was over-exposed, along with the other crew members, to the radioactivity. The next year Eatherly's wife suffered the miscarriage of an abnormal foetus and he was discovered to produce an unusually large number of abnormal sperm. Subsequently they had two more normal children.) Most of the crew members of the planes directly involved in bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki seem to have been affected by this operation little more than they would have been by an ordinary bombing raid. Eatherly subsequently broke down: attempted suicide, periods of insanity, divorce, forgery, armed robbery. On January 3, 1957, the Veterans Administration increased his service-connected mental disability to 100 per cent and has not withdrawn this rating since. He came to believe, and some, though by no means all, of those who know him personally or professionally (as well as millions who have only read about him) also believe, that his breakdown was essentially connected with his participation in the bombing of Hiroshima. By various anti-war, anti-bomb, or anti-American groups he has been used as a genuine symbol—by some of their adversaries as a fraudulent symbol—of an ordinary man innocently guilty of a social crime and wrecked by that inexpiable, little-understood guilt. Indeed, because of the theories and publicity occasioned by his troubles, he has remained to the world at large almost unseen—almost unseeable—behind the symbolic facades flim-flamming him about on every side. Here is a man whom the chances of history have made worth knowing about. He is, at the very least, interesting.

But if you find that he is more than interesting and decide really to contemplate him, you are in for trouble. No truth without facts: but what are the facts about Eatherly? A vast amount of journalism and speculation has been written about him, none of it wholly satisfactory even factually. No truth without philosophy: so, what is your philosophy? To make up your mind about Eatherly, you have to know what you think about some of the most important and pressing matters of our age. The obvious problem is Hiroshima and all it has come to stand for: limitless war, American military ideals and practices, dehumanized and unimaginable killing, collective and individual guilt for hideous acts of warfare, war crimes. But no less important are the questions of how to use publicity-manufactured pseudo-legends in furthering a worthy cause (or, granted the nature of propaganda in our century, whether to use them at all) and of the relation of psychiatry to the law (especially the plea not guilty by reason of insanity, and even, God help us, how to distinguish sanity from insanity). After you have mounted these ramparts, you are within sporting range of *what is the source of value?*, *whither mankind?*, and other such mastodons. This being a book review and not my Summa, I am going after smaller game, particularly the difficulties of writing well about a subject as highly charged as this one.

Three Eatherly books have been published in the United States, each somewhat less bad than the one before it. The first, published in Germany in 1961 and in this country in 1962, is *Burning Conscience*: "The case of the Hiroshima pilot, Claude Eatherly, told in his letters to Gunther Anders, with a postscript for American readers by Anders, Preface by Bertrand Russell, Foreword by Robert Jungk" (Jungk is a German journalist who has written two books about Hiroshima and several articles about Eatherly). Less than a third of the text consists of letters by Eatherly; the rest are by Anders. Anders, a moral philospher, has elsewhere written well about the larger problems of nuclear weaponry; but in this little book most of what he says is subject to the charge of special pleading. Knowing nothing of Eatherly beyond the highly unreliable reports that appeared in the mass magazines and Eatherly's even more unreliable statements in their correspondence, Anders erects Eatherly into the archetypal martyr of our age. Jungk is no better. Russell is worse, if only because his prose is succinct and forceful. The five sentences about Eatherly in Russell's preface are all untrue: they are founded on inaccurate and uninspected information, and they express, not the truth about Eatherly as they pretend to, but some prejudices of Russell's. Here is one I think perfectly wrong. He is referring to Eatherly's crimes (the legal-psychiatric term for which is "bizarre"); according to some lawyers and psychiatrists, and above all according to Anders, these self-defeating crimes of Eatherly's were committed in order to compel society to punish him for his greater crime at Hiroshima and even, in a way, to force society to recognize that Hiroshima was a crime. Russell: "The steps that he took to awaken men's consciences to our present insanity were, perhaps, not always the wisest that could have been taken, but they were actuated by motives which deserve the admiration of all who are capable of feelings of humanity." It goes without saying that, in Russell's view as in Anders's, Eatherly was never insane but had been the victim of an elaborate plot by "The Establishment" (Russell's term, in an article in the *New Statesman*) to shut him up, buy him off, discredit his word. (Neither Huie nor Dugger doubts that Eatherly has been out of his mind from time to time, nor, according to them, does Eatherly himself.) It does not go without saying, but it is hardly astonishing to learn, that neither Anders nor any of the others who spread the martyr-*cum*-conspiracy theory took the trouble to inquire directly into the plain facts of the matter; at the time of the biggest hoopla, none of them had even met Eatherly. Anders, in other writings, floating free in the vast inane of ethical metaphysics, has formulated some of the most terrible and therefore most unwelcome dilemmas with which modern man is afflicted. Even in *Burning Conscience* he makes such arresting statements as these (from an open letter to President Kennedy on Eatherly's case), contrasting the Eatherly of his imagining to Eichmann: "To be blameless in

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private life is child's play, custom replaces conscience to a great extent. It is, on the contrary, in front of the sweet terror of the powers that make us conform and co-function where real independence and real civil courage are required." On the whole, however, this book is valuable primarily as evidence, as symptom.

In 1964, William Bradford Huie, a successful journalist and popular fictioneer, published *The Hiroshima Pilot,* written in good part in reaction to the excesses of the pseudo-legend. If Russell and Anders have a lordly, cloudy impatience which makes them gullible in accepting prejudiced testimony so long as it fleshes out their pre-existing theories, Huie announces a skepticism about witnesses and a regard for "hard" facts which may distort the truth but which at least, since he is industrious, makes a version of it approachable. Take the use of the somewhat misleading term, "The Hiroshima Pilot." To the world at large, this means the pilot of the plane that dropped the atom bomb. Both Anders and Huie know better: Anders used the term out of impatience to get to the larger moral issues; Huie uses it, as he informs the reader he told Eatherly, in the cynical knowledge that the truth about Eartherly-the-man hardly has a chance, being complex and unheroic, against the world-wide pseudo-legend about Eatherly-the-symbol. But Huie himself falls into an error as serious as Anders's though less obvious. He seems to operate on the principle that about all a journalist need do is collect the facts and set them down on paper in order for the truth about even a subject as complicated as Eatherly to reveal itself. Anders was demonstrably wrong about Eatherly, though right, in my opinion, about the vaster issues involved in Hiroshima. Huie is, in my opinion, wrong about Hiroshima (he sees dropping the atom bomb as an act no different in kind from any other act performed by an American soldier in the course of duty in that just war justly fought) and is so zealous to make a case against Eatherly-the-symbol that he needlessly damages Eatherly-the-man (both the man in history and the man in the reader's imagination) by discrediting him as a witness almost entirely. When Eatherly is not lying out of mental confusion as to what is what, Huie implies, he is lying out of low self-interest, for the reason any criminal lies. Perhaps. But, to this reader at least, Huie's case stands unproved. His is a case for the prosecution, and in a dirty trial at that. For example, he says he paid five hundred dollars for letters giving him access to Eatherly's service records; he uses a piece of evidence so obtained to convict Eatherly of an early dishonesty; but Ronnie Dugger in his later book demonstrates how Huie, by not having dug out all the relevant facts in this episode, gives a false impression of Eatherly's dishonesty on that occasion (he cheated on an Air Force classroom written test, but in such a "bizarre" way as almost to ensure detection—this was after Hiroshima and Bikini). I agree with some of the practical moral principles on which Huie operates, especially with his hostility to the wholesale imputation of fancy motives to a man in Eatherly's circumstance; but he is so cynical, and so zealous just to win, that finally his book is valuable chiefly for such facts as it adduces.

In 1967, Ronnie Dugger, a liberal journalist, published *Dark Star*: "Hiroshima reconsidered in the life of Claude Eatherly." Dugger is far less gullible than Anders without being as cruel as Huie, and his view of Hiroshima, of Eatherly, and of Eatherly's connection with Hiroshima is far more complex than either Anders's or Huie's. In addition, Dugger makes it clear in his criticism of Huie's book that he knows facts do not speak for themselves but are selected and arranged according to the writer's philosophy and prejudices. (The two books offer many complementary instances of suppression and emphasis determined by the authors' theses.) However, despite his sophistication, Dugger has written a book unworthy of its subject, partly because of his sentimental-liberal philosophy and partly because of

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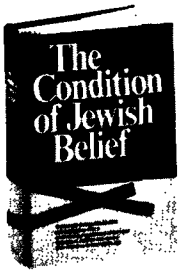

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the slovenly writing, which is to be found all the way from muddy sentences to the shambly structure of the whole book. (It is a sadness to learn that Dugger has appeared in many of the best magazines that publish journalism in America.) Dugger's book has the virtue of correcting some of Huie's excesses and distortions, and to too great a degree exists in order to correct them; and though some of Dugger's views on the larger issues strike me as flabby ("I certainly would not contend that he has not been ill, but in these times who's well? Is an atomic bomb pilot well?"), a lot of them are pretty good, though usually fuzzed up. The chief value of *Dark Star* is to give some sense of Eatherly-the-man: Dugger knows him as a friend of sorts; he has and communicates a fellow-feeling for him; he kind of likes him for himself.

THE CRUCIAL problem is how to interpret certain of Eatherly's "bizarre" anti-social actions—holding up stores with an obviously toy pistol, for instance, and taking "we're out of money" for an answer—and his espousing of the world-peace cause.

For Anders and others who do not know Eatherly, the anti-social behavior is a surreptitious, unsuccessful, yet admirable way of asking society to punish him for his great crime—officially mislabeled the act of a hero—in participating in the bombing of Hiroshima. Once he came to understand this by having it explained to him, he could begin genuinely to purge himself of, or at least to control, his guilt by taking honest social action and asking forgiveness from those he had helped to injure.

To this pretty saint's legend of ethical martyrdom and self-sacrificing devotion to human welfare, Huie brings the indigenous muckraker's corrosive attention. In his view, Eatherly is an ordinary criminal and occasional schizophrenic, sick only if and as any other man like him can be considered sick. His vanity was inflated by his success as an Air Force pilot, then deflated by the ordinary life to which he reluctantly returned after the war. Once he learned that he could beat the criminal rap and also gain a great deal of attention by committing "bizarre" crimes, he took to this way of gratifying his ego. (Dugger pretty well, though not entirely, refutes this charge of Huie's.) He is an unfortunate, pretty crummy fellow, vain and venal, whose troubles are connected with Hiroshima only in the fantasies of some lawyers, psychiatrists, and philosophers and those who believe them.

Dugger, knowing Eatherly quite well, cannot buy all that bright nobility with which Anders festoons Eatherly's dark places; liking Eatherly, he cannot buy the muck which Huie dumps in them either. Finally, Dugger sees Eatherly in the conventionally liberal fashion, as a victim of society pretty much like you and me, different from us largely because of the high visibility of his troubles. Dugger accepts the dominant legal and psychiatric view of Eatherly's anti-social behavior, and he thinks Eatherly has benefited from the by and large decent treatment he has received from officialdom. Moreover, he takes Eatherly's spurts of involvement in the cause of world peace as being a sloppy mixture of which vanity and genuine concern are the main ingredients.

Clearly, Dugger comes out ahead of the other two, but not as far as he should have, because of his sentimental thesis: *We are all slobs together*. Maybe. But a writer who really believes this thesis cannot maintain it consistently without his book itself degenerating into another instance of slobbery, as *Dark Star* does.

SURELY IT IS ILL to violate a man's mystery as extensively as Anders did. Yet, in good part because of that violation, Eatherly has a sort of half-assed mission in life now and gets along better than formerly.

Surely it is ill to undercut a man as contemptuously as Huie did. Yet, there is a profound sense in which Huie's holding Eatherly responsible for his actions (for example, blaming him, as the other two do not, for failing to support his children) shows a real respect for him, for his mystery.

Surely it is ill to exonerate a man from his special guilt by implicating him in the general slobbery as Dugger did, by excuse-making. Yet Dugger likes him, treats him like a guy he likes, and one comes to feel that that is the sort of forgiveness Claude Eatherly most deserves and most needs.

New Left History

INTELLECTUAL ORIGINS OF AMERICAN RADICALISM. By STAUGHTON LYND. *Pantheon. 184 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID DONALD

MUCH OF THE history written in the United States today makes deadly reading. Aside from a handful of gifted amateurs, American historians are largely college or university professors, who publish books in order to secure academic promotions or, once they have tenure, to win recognition from other academic historians. Not long ago a great medievalist told me proudly that when the book on which he has worked for many years is completed it will be comprehensible to only three other men in the country—all of them professors of medieval history. Devoid of passion and divorced from social concern, most of the volumes reviewed in the historical quarterlies are monuments of labor, of erudition, and of inconsequence.

In the past few years some of our younger historians have engaged in a conscious rebellion against this sterile academism. Styling themselves the historians of the New Left, they have demanded that historical writing be socially engaged. More specifically they urge historians to make it their prime task to strip off the complacent facade of American society and to reveal the intense class and racial struggles that have gone on behind this apparent consensus. But in rebelling, the historians of the New Left have frequently discarded not merely the weaknesses but the strengths of the professional discipline of history. Where conventional historians have tried to be objective, they are unabashedly partisan. Where scholars hereto-

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fore have sought perspective, they rush to write instant history. Too often they make rhetoric a substitute for research and consider a social conscience compensation for defective logic.

Of all the New Left historians, only Staughton Lynd appears able to combine the techniques of historical scholarship with the commitment to social reform. His *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism* shows how exceedingly fruitful such a marriage can be. Though brief, this is a major work in American intellectual history. It is primarily a study of the ideas of a group of 18th-century Anglo-American publicists such as Joseph Priestley, John Wilkes, Granville Sharp, and Thomas Paine, and of those of New England abolitionists such as William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Henry David Thoreau.

Mr. Lynd's book originated (as he recounts in a recent issue of the *New American Review*) in his desire, "as one considerably alienated from America's present," to learn "if there were men in the American past in whom [he] could believe." This is a common concern among liberal and radical Americans, who have often felt both a need to assert their independence from an alien Marxist ideology and to find security in belonging to a viable American past. Too frequently it has led to egregious distortions, such as those of Vernon L. Parrington, who found American history seeded with proto-Populists. But Mr. Lynd is too sound a historian to fall into this trap. If he finds in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence "the single most concentrated expression of the revolutionary tradition" to which he himself belongs, he does not in consequence idealize Thomas Jefferson but expresses "shame and distrust toward Founding Fathers who tolerated slavery, exterminated Indians, and blandly assumed that a good society must be based on private property." Though he discovers in the writings of abolitionists a justification for his own advocacy of "the concept of world citizenship: the belief that 'man as man' had duties superior to his duties as a citizen of a particular nation," he does not, like some of his neo-abolitionist colleagues on the New Left, deify Garrison and Phillips. Instead, he recognizes that the anti-slavery crusade ultimately led to Civil War, Republican dominance, and that "benevolent imperialism which insisted, as it bombed and strafed, that it had only come to help."

Mr. Lynd's quest has led him, then, not so much to men as to ideas in which he can believe, and the great contribution of his book is to demonstrate that there has been a strong and continuous stream of Anglo-American radical thought down to the Civil War era. Boldly challenging the views of Carl L. Becker, Bernard Bailyn, and Clinton Rossiter, he shows that spokesmen of this dissenting tradition from the very beginning raised fundamental questions "which threatened private property and the authority of the state." Persuasively he puts this radicalism into a broader perspective. He argues not that Rousseau directly influenced the drafters of the Declaration of Independence but that "the natural rights theorizing of Anglo-American radicals in the months . . . immediately preceding . . . the Declaration made the same key affirmations that Rousseau did." Similarly he demonstrates, in a series of strikingly parallel passages, how Thoreau's "critique of alienated labor" resembled the contemporaneous writings of Karl Marx.

As Mr. Lynd realizes, this subtle and scholarly book will probably "not fully satisfy the reader to whom [it] is addressed: the 'critic of the American present.'" Nor is it likely to become a handbook for advocates "of a third revolutionary movement prepared to be critical, not just of property in man, but of private property in all its forms." But his *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism* will abundantly satisfy any serious student of American thought. What is better yet, it offers to academic practitioners of history proof that social involvement can sharpen rather than blunt a historian's perceptions and to New Left critics evidence that careful research and scholarly objectivity are compatible with revolutionary zeal.

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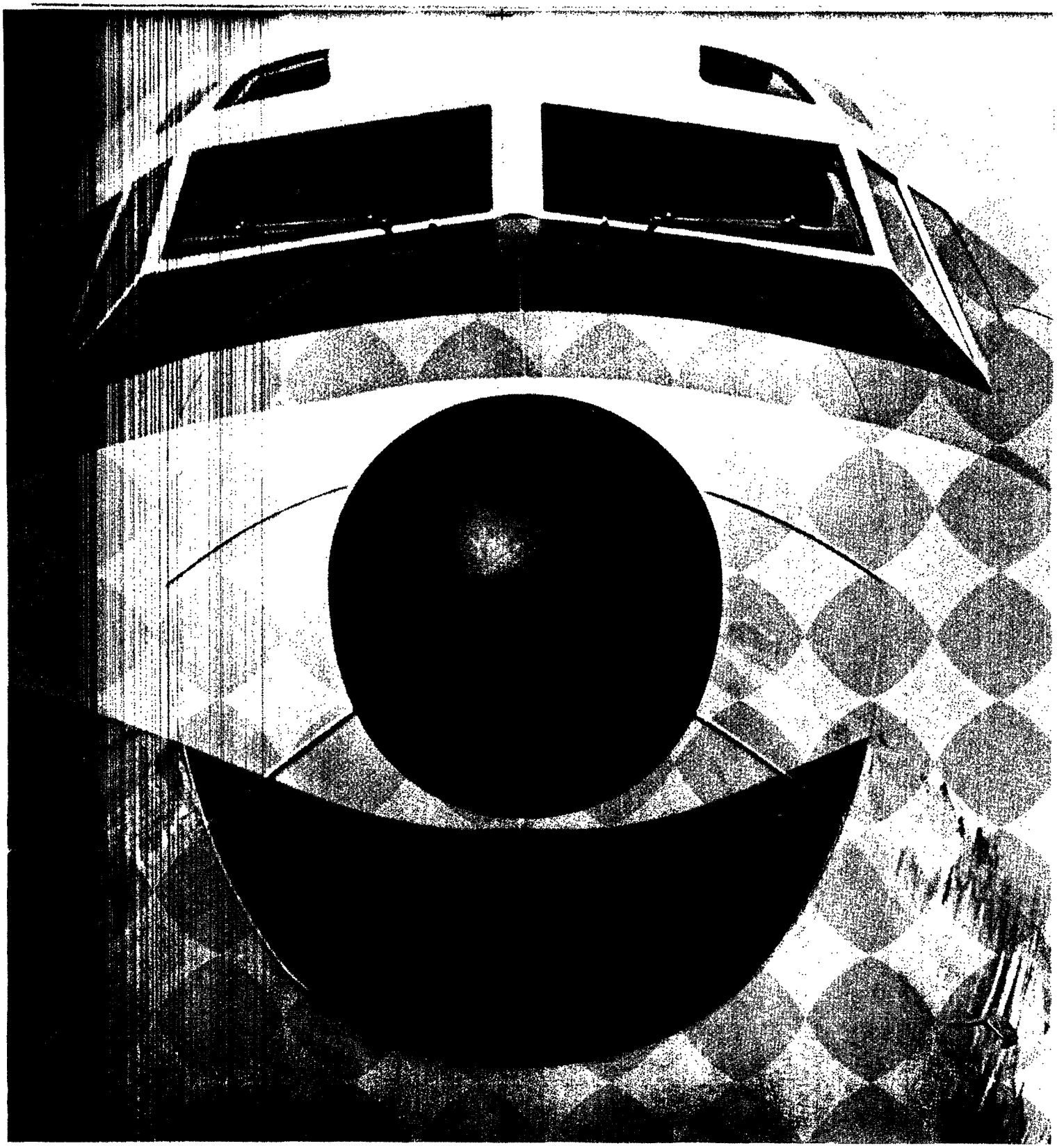

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